



messing about in BOATS

Special Features This Issue
Maine Boatbuilders' Show
North Channel Affair - The Amistad

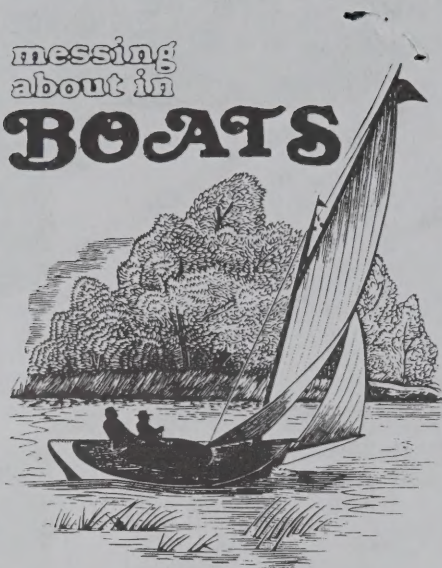
Volume 16 - Number 1

May 15, 1998



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Volume 16 - Number 1

May 15, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

Rick Klepfer takes us "Cruising the Cohansey"; Nick Scheuer describes "A Good Chance for the Rosemary"; Dick Harrington concludes his "North Channel Affair"; and Lewis Freeman's adventures "By Waterways to Gotham" arrive at Georgian Bay.

Pete Cartier gets to tell us about "The First Canoe"; and Ron Magen gets into the building part in "Boatbuilding - Part 3".

Adam Zielinski presents his "Pocket Cruiser Sinbad"; Bill Mantis introduces "An Experimental Rig"; Richard Carsen carries on his Dreamboats series with "Back to Sail"; and Phil Bolger offers a "Variation on a Folkboat".

Kilburn Adams describes how to go about "Measuring Boat Speed"; and Bob Cole details "Insulating That Icebox".

On the Cover...

A fleet of Wayfarers at anchor in a secluded cove on the North Channel of Lake Huron. Bob Harrington begins his tale of this cruise in this issue.

Commentary...

Another Maine Boatbuilders' Show has come and gone, sort of unofficially opening up our New England season. Still too early to get on the water for most of us, but a visit to the show stirs the winter dormant yearnings and we come back ready to get ready, whatever that may entail. Seeing "our sort" of boats, looking over the gear, talking with builders, meeting friends, all conspire to rejuvenate the annual spring awakening.

Amongst all the boats and gear and other supplementary stuff lurked a few periodicals devoted to this game. I counted ten in all. Not included are the book publishers, I'm focussing here on periodicals, all of which aim one way or another to promote and sustain interest in some aspect or another of this boating addiction.

Arrowheart Publications is Joe Jackimovicz's nautical books business that he broadened out to include importing and distributing Pete Greenfield's *The Boatman* from Great Britain. When that venture ended in being sold out to a competitor, Greenfield started up *Watercraft* and Joe started over again distributing that one. He also brought over back issues of *Classic Boat*. All good small boat stuff in the British way. Arrowheart Publications, P.O. Box 496, Boothbay, ME 04537.

Boats & Harbors is a marine trade publication from Tennessee and I cannot tell you more about it as I didn't run across it in my prowling the show. One reader stopped by our booth to show me a copy, a sort of newsletter format and mentioned he was glad to see it was still going. *Boats & Harbors*, Drawer 647, Crossville, TN 38557.

Maine Boats & Harbors is John Hansen's nautical reflection of Maine's *Down East* magazine, John adopted a format very similar to the latter devoted to the sort of boating we enjoy and has made it a success. *Maine Boats & Harbors*, 21 Elm st., Camden, ME 04843.

Maine Coastal News is Jon Johanson's tabloid newspaper published 18 times a year devoted to all, and I mean all, aspects of its title. Jon is a dynamo of energy turning this out, travelling everywhere in the state to get his news, and also trying to organize a comprehensive collection of all Maine maritime books and publications. He has established a Maine Boatbuilders' Hall of Fame, published the show program, and on and on... *Maine Coastal News*, P.O. Box 847, Brewer, ME 04412.

Marine Performance News is another I can tell you no more about, having failed to spot them in my travels either. It's described as a "magazine of speed and efficiency". *Marine Performance News*, Main St., Stonington, ME 04681.

National Fisherman, in which John Gardner once expounded on the charms of traditional small craft, no longer publishes

anything of interest to small boaters, but is now the respected journal of the fishing industry. *National Fisherman*, 121 Free St., Portland, ME 04101.

Ocean Navigator is devoted entirely to that subject, navigating the oceans for both pleasure and commerce, a top quality publication with appeal to anyone contemplating cruising other than alongshore. *Ocean Navigator*, 18 Danforth St., Portland, ME 04101.

Points East, The Gulf of Maine Cruising Magazine, the "new kid on the block" was introduced at the show. It's a very professionally done magazine printed on newsprint similar to ours but with color and lots and lots of ads. As it is to be circulated free through a hundred or more coastal outlets it is the ads that will earn its keep. Coincidentally, *Cruising the Maine Coast Magazine*, introduced two years ago at the show, folded this past winter unable to attract a large enough readership of paid subscribers. *Points East*, P.O. Box 17684, Portland, ME 04112.

WoodenBoat, need I say more? Just in case you didn't know (can this be possible?) the successful beyond all dreams creation of John Wilson's now over 20 years serving classic wooden boat enthusiasts. *WoodenBoat*, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616.

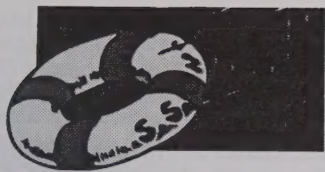
That's nine, The tenth is us.

I list these to show you that not only are there small boat builders trying to earn a livelihood outside the consumer boating mainstream, but also small boat magazine builders. We offer lots of small inexpensive products rather than few more costly ones, but face similar challenges in trying to get the attention of those who find small boats of interest. We each have our own outlook and if I have succeeded in drawing your attention to any of the above, contact them directly to get more details, maybe even a sample copy.

Joe Jackimovicz, one of the small boat magazine guys at the Maine Boatbuilders' Show, is the U.S. agent for Pete Greenfield's *Watercraft* and also offers back issues of *The Boatman* and *Classic Boat*.



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Small Boat SAFETY

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

Chart Update

I have just returned from the Annual Spring Chart Update Patrol. It was COLD! An Arctic Express sent temperatures plummeting to 25 degrees below normal and added northeast winds at about 17 mph. Auxiliaries are required to wear "Mustang" exposure suits when the water temperature is below 60 degrees, and today we were glad of them.

Each spring, all up and down both coasts, the Coast Guard Auxiliary conducts these patrols, checking to make sure that all aids to navigation are "on station and watching properly" after the winter storms. My boat was one of three from the Wilmington, North Carolina flotilla checking a 35-mile stretch of the Intra Coastal Waterway. Our findings were much as usual, two day boards damaged (we suspect from the booms of commercial fishing boats), one with numbers obscured by time and weather, one unreadable from a left-over bird's nest, and one buoy missing. The USCGC *Blackberry* will have them all repaired or replaced before the start of the recreational boating season.

What lies ahead in aids-to-navigation work? When it is a little warmer, we will check the buoys and day marks in the north channel from the Intra Coastal to the Cape Fear River. One of our members says there are problems there. We will check (by GPS) the location of the North Carolina buoys marking the 11 artificial fishing reefs in our area of responsibility, and we will remind all coxswains of the regular safety patrols to check every navigation aid as they cruise the waterway.

It's not very glamorous work, but it is one more task that makes recreational boating (and especially cruising) just a little bit safer. I'm glad I was out there today. I just wish it had been a little bit warmer.

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"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the *Old Ed Stories* can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St., Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.



A Fishing Schooner

You hear an awful lot about "smart weapons," "artificial intelligence," and things of that sort nowadays, but years ago I knew of a smart schooner. Not only did I know of her, I was the man who had her papers.

You can't really say I owned her. No one did and no one could. She had a mind of her own. When I got her, I got her cheap. She had been built for the coasting trade, but she was so ornery that even though she could carry a large cargo and was very fast, no one would sail her two voyages in a row. She would take it into her to refuse to tack when the captain wanted to come into a harbor. Sometimes she made her compass lie so that she brought her crew into danger on a dark night. One time she even sailed half way to Ireland before her crew caught on.

By the time I came upon her, she was down on her luck. She couldn't get a crew and, because she was unreliable, no one would hire her to carry cargo. Even though no one had been hurt or killed, she had a very bad reputation and she looked as bad as her reputation. Well, I surveyed her from keel to truck and found her sound. Under that peeling paint, she was in excellent condition.

I sat down next to her wheel box and thought about what I would do with her if I bought her. It was clear she was not meant to be a cargo boat, even though that was what she was built for. This was before the days of the "head boats," which carry people who pretend that they are horny-handed old sailors for so much a head. That left fishing. As I thought this, she gave a little wriggle, even though it was flat calm. It was then I knew what she was really for.

I had her towed to the Story yard and refitted for dory fishing.

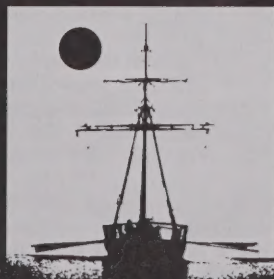
Fishermen are different from coasters. They go out of sight of land, often for weeks at a time, and move about on the whim of the captain, hoping to fill the holds with fish. Everyone works on shares, not on salary. The better the catch, the more everyone makes. Even though I didn't change her name, there was no trouble getting a crew.

We sailed out to the Banks and anchored, expecting to start fishing next morning. During the night a squall came through and, in the morning, there was a trawl line full of fish hanging from her bowsprit. We figured that it was an accident, took the blessing of the fish, and worked the day. From that day, she was the highliner of the entire fleet. She often brought in more than two dories of fishermen all by herself. Never a man was hurt on her, or a dory lost.

Her problem was that she was too enthusiastic. Wherever we were there were fish, and she kept catching them, whether we needed them or not.

On her final voyage we hit a bonanza. There were more fish than we could stow below. Even when we were done fishing and headed for port, they jumped onto the deck. We filled up the crew's quarters and slept in the galley, then the galley filled up and we moved all ten of us into my cabin.

Finally, my cabin got full and we slept on deck. When we were only a few hours out of port, a line squall came and hove us down on our beam ends before we could ease our sheets. She was so heavy laden that she never had a chance that night. She sank like a stone. We got home in the dories. All we had were empty pockets from that trip. I went back to coasting after that, but I never forgot her. She was truly a fishing boat.



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Projects...

A Punt for Puerto Rico

At present we are building an Aurey Punt in kit form, for mailing the packaged panels, etc. to Culebra, a little island east of Puerto Rico, where we are visiting our brother-in-law. The panels, frames and seats are pre-epoxied, base coated and painted, requiring only scewing and gluing together, which we should be able to do in 3-4 days, once we get down there. After we have everything together, on our next visit, I'll write up a piece for you to publish, somebody else might be interested in doing that. We looked into freighting a finished boat to P.R. The cost would have been astronomical.

Hans Waecker, Cliff Island, ME

Some Floating Contraptions

I particularly enjoyed the article on Tin Boats in the Thousand Islands in the February 15 issue. It reminded me of some of the floating contraptions I assembled with some youthful co-conspirators while growing up on a chain of lakes in central Florida. However, ours were not as simple or elegant. The concept of a tin boat derby or merely a quick and dirty boat derby seemed like a great idea to me. More ways for people (especially kids) to experience the joy of boating and boat building without a significant investment of time or money are always welcome.

While pricing materials in a local lumber yard for my own attempt at tin boat building I noticed the PVC cost more than the galvanized roofing so I sketched out plans for a catamaran with the tramp sheathed with a 4x8 sheet of poly lattice, pyramid mast, and a loose footed balanced lug poly-tarp sail with a PVC yard. All the materials were still in the \$50 ball park. Thanks to your last issue I'm now trying to figure how to fit a delta or rogallo kite sail inspired by Richard Carsen.

David Beede, Gainesville, FL

Completed Several Boats

Over the last couple of years I have completed several boats, and one of these days I will take some decent photos of them to send to you.

A 15'6" two place electric kayak.

A 10' electric powered mini-tugboat with a rounded fantail stern.

A 16' trailer/houseboat with all of the amenities.

A 10' Inflate-a-Tug made from a 10' Zodiac inflatable.

A 20' x 10' beam story-and-a-half live-aboard houseboat which my wife and I keep at the Oceanside, California, marina.

Berkeley Engineering Co., 1640 Reche Rd., Fallbrook, CA 92028-3621

The Chebacco Project

"The Heart and the Soul and the Senses..." In November, 1997, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum (of Essex, Massachusetts) commissioned Harold A. Burnham to build a Chebacco boat as a permanent exhibit and to act as a museum flagship, attending and participating in various maritime festivals along the northeast coast. The Chebacco boat was chosen because so little is known about these indigenous coastal vessels. The exhibit is also providing the museum with the opportunity to conduct primary research on early colonial settlements and vessel construction with potential publishing ventures to follow. It will also be the focus for many programs provided through the education department.

A look at early Essex means a look at Chebacco Pansh and the settlements, towns, and parishes that made up her neighbors. Families, workers, statesmen, midwives, and pastors all played a part in the development of an area we commonly refer to as coastal fishing communities. Who were these people? Sandy Bay, a Gloucester parish until 1840, and Chebacco, a parish of Ipswich, were bound together through church, economy, and marriage to become Essex. How? When? Why?

The lore is as important as the statistics. As visitors watch the Chebacco construction, they share stories. They share a sense of community, just like they did when the original vessels were being built here along the shores of the Chebacco River.

These days, the museum yard is a busy place. As Harold Burnham puts the pieces of the Chebacco project together, locals and passers-by gather to watch and listen. And it's easy to get distracted. It's easy to think that the actual building is the heart and the soul of this project. But truthfully, while this vessel-in-progress is the centerpiece, it is also the prism through which we can look at all the aspects of early boatbuilding and its impact on this and neighboring communities.

The sights, sounds and smells of a working shipyard are different from any other type of construction site. There's just something about witnessing a vessel under construction that touches us, particularly here in Essex. Sawdust rises. The smell of freshly sawn wood hangs in the air. You hear the whine of the saw. You remember now; you are transported to another place, another moment. You find yourself sharing the memory, telling your tale. You are here in the shipyard, chatting with the people next to you and listening to their story. This is what happens when you visit our shipyard.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541

My Third Kayak

I started building a kayak on January 3rd by whittling a half model from basswood, 3/4"-1" scale, using at first a Boy Scout hatchet and chopping block. I marked out a waterline, divided it into ten sections and, using radio solder wire bent to these

sections, traced down the contours, and also the stem, stern and keel. Using a grid scratched on plastic and rubbed with a china marker smudge so the scratches would show up better, I translated the sections onto a cardboard full size 2" grid, cut them out, marked them on 1/2" plywood and sawed them out.

Finding that, after cutting out the center, I had sections to make two kayaks, one smaller, from the plywood, I cut strips from 1" rough cut full length lumber with a narrow kerf powered Hano circular saw with an edge guide clamped to it as the screwthreads had stripped.

I made an oak bench and used bench hooks to hold and reposition the board. They split the oak so I need to run long bolts through the three oak boards to close up the splits.

I sawed the keel contour on a 2"x 10" and nailed it to another 2"x 10" and trust my son and grandson can assemble the kayak from the materials which, on our trip south, observers guessed were for a kayak.

With cloth covering, floorboards and reinforced cockpit coaming and rub strips, it should serve okay with foam blocks bow and stern, life vest, bailer and a double paddle carved with curved and slightly cupped blades set at an angle one to the other, using a Buck knife to rough them out, then a Bros. Firnhir gouge and round mallet.

I did a lot of figuring on displaced volume, boat weight and allowable load and stability. This will be my third kayak built this way, except that the others had frames with gussets. I learn something new each time.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

How Many Boats?

Daniel McCarter's inquiry on the February 15th "You Write.." pages ("How Many Boats?") prompts this note.

I have five (soon to be six) boats: 15' and 17' kayaks, 8' dinghy with gaff rig, 13' canoe, and soon a Wee Lassie. I've built all these and have your magazine and those who write in it to thank for endless inspiration and ideas. The remaining boat is a Hallberg-Rassy Monson 31. This sailboat has occupied most of my time and money lately so the others have rested peacefully in the basement, except for the Jim Michalak 8' dinghy which gets a workout every time we row out to *Lenore*, the HR-31.

On those days when we are just too lazy to take out *Lenore* or the weather is funky, the beautiful little gaffer dinghy gets to parade around the harbor with everyone smiling as I go by.

I also wish to thank all those readers who sent me information on solid fuel stoves in response to my inquiry a while back.

As warm weather gets closer I find myself drifting off to sleep while bobbing on one boat or another. I'm not quite sure what's more fun, building boats, playing in them, or meeting all the great people with the same passion.

Dean Raffaelli, Chicago, IL

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Second Heavy-Duty Work Scow Launched

We have delivered the second in a series of 20'x 10' work scows, to be used in the local oystering industry, featuring a self-bailing cockpit to facilitate oyster-harvesting operations.

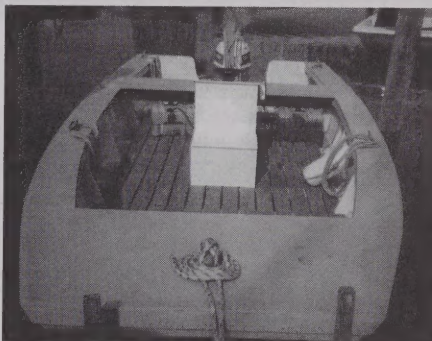
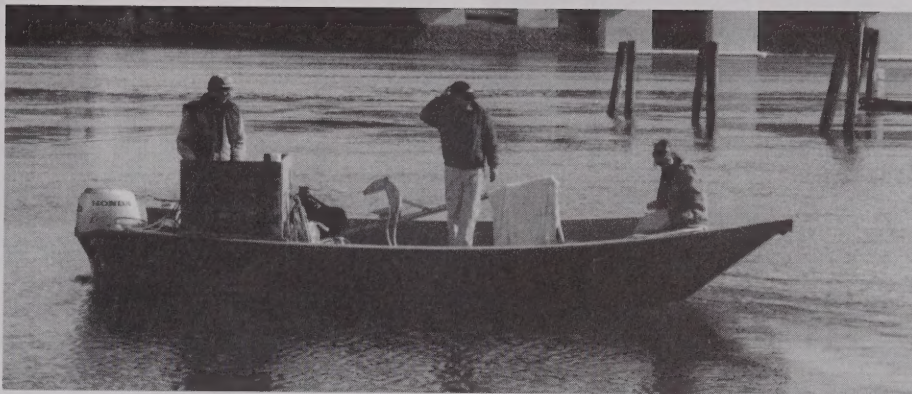
The entire hull, cockpit, and decks have been sheathed in fiberglass and epoxy, assuring a long working life. Structural ruggedness and longevity is further enhanced by the use of bronze screws for fasteners and 3M5200 adhesive, the best available.

The design of this work scow incorporates a steeply sloped bow transom with a sprayrail configuration at the deckline. The combination has been proven to provide a dry, seaworthy vessel. Flaring topsides increase the effect.

An earlier boat of this design was built for a local dockbuilder as a bare hull. The owner then installed floorboards and painted the boat himself, an approach which allows an economical way to acquire a serviceable vessel.

We are third-generation boatbuilders who are developing a full line of plywood work scows and skiffs.

John & Rick Persson, Seth Persson Boat Builders, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475.



Corrections Please...

Corrected Website

The website for *The Paper Boater* was incorrectly listed a while back in the magazine and I'd like to correct it. The correct website is: <http://home.eznet.net/~kcupery>. Thank you.

Ken Cupery, *The Paper Boater*, 139 Roosevelt Rd., Rochester, NY 14618

Saquish Builders

I wish to correct an error in your past reporting on the gig *Saquish*. The builders of this Cornish gig are Russell Jenness Sr. and Russel Jenness Jr. of Hanson and E. Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

Following the rowing racing successes with *Saquish*, including the trips to England for the World Gig Championships, the two Russells have now started to build a second gig.

Estella Jenness, Hanson, MA

Opinions...

A Knucklebuster

I want to tell you how much I am enjoying reading "Musings From Mustique" and "By Waterways to Gotham". There is nothing like travelling in print. In the latter I noted the somewhat blurred photo of Mr. Freeman's outboard. It appeared to be the original Elto "Knucklebuster", our name for my father's first outboard.

Lambert Peterson, Navarre Beach, FL.

Editor Comments: Yes, and Ole Evinrude saw Lewis Freeman off on his trip in an earlier installment, and joined for part of a day enroute to see how the outboard was doing.

Project Concepts Galore

While Richard Carsen's junk variants certainly gladden the eye of this Junkophile, Senior Grade, may I respectfully counter with some far eastern wisdoms viz the usual attempts to westernize the rig.

Somehow, Richard has ignored an outstanding junk feature, that of being able to raise or lower the rudder for reasons of lateral area resistance and steering. Readers might note this centuries old finding preceded the AYRS "dipping rudder" (March 15 page 22) of a few decades ago. A common inshore junk design has a small daggerboard in the bow to work in concert with the adjustable rudder. Chinese lugsails don't flog and this silence might be considered in discarding the noisy and cumbersome leeboards. The bow daggerboard is great in stopping or holding the vessel on shallow bottoms.

You can't read Chinese lugsails, and I'd not hastily discard any sheetlets; they allow infinite adjustment in the whole range of wind velocities. Their complexity is largely

psychological and allow sails to be tied off anywhere accessible. Junk sails can be reefed from both top and bottom, this last allowing perfect visibility straight ahead. This ancient rig was evolved for maximum adjustability of conditions, materials, and handling. Mainsail lead is adjustable via its yard and not mast-moving.

Certainly poling of junk types is common, so is kedging by throwing a kedge ahead and winching or pulling up to it. I'd opt also for a long yuloh curved to the gunnel for stowing as a less troublesome way to get home. All lugsail components are dirt-cheap including euphroes and friction blocks of plain drilled pieces of wood. Add mechanical blocks and the Chinese Demons will see they screech eternally for lubrication.

I sincerely hope Mr. Carstens will continue to favor us with his concepts as an educational medium for everyone.

Norman S. Benedict, 801 Greenacre Dr., Sant Maria, CA 93455

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Maine Boat Builders' Show '98...

Ten Years Later

Yep, this year was the tenth year for Phin Sprague's pipe dream, a boat show for real boats and their builders, free of the production plastic boat trade and its minions. It didn't seem to be a very businesslike concept, but Phin is a businessman (Portland Yacht Services) and, more importantly, he knew and understood the nature of the small boatbuilder trade, its products and problems. He thought a show for them would float.

It did. After ten years the show has a firmly entrenched place in New England's annual awakening to another boating season. Attendance seems to have settled comfortably around 8,000, despite, as happened this year, not so good weather (and even worse predictions). The space sells out and a long standing core of regular exhibitors is annually supplemented by new hopefuls. Along

with the builders, restorers, and designers comes an array of gear sellers, most of whom offer products applicable to the scale of the boats offered (ie. small), and other supplemental products, like publications, insurance, appropriate handicrafts, etc.

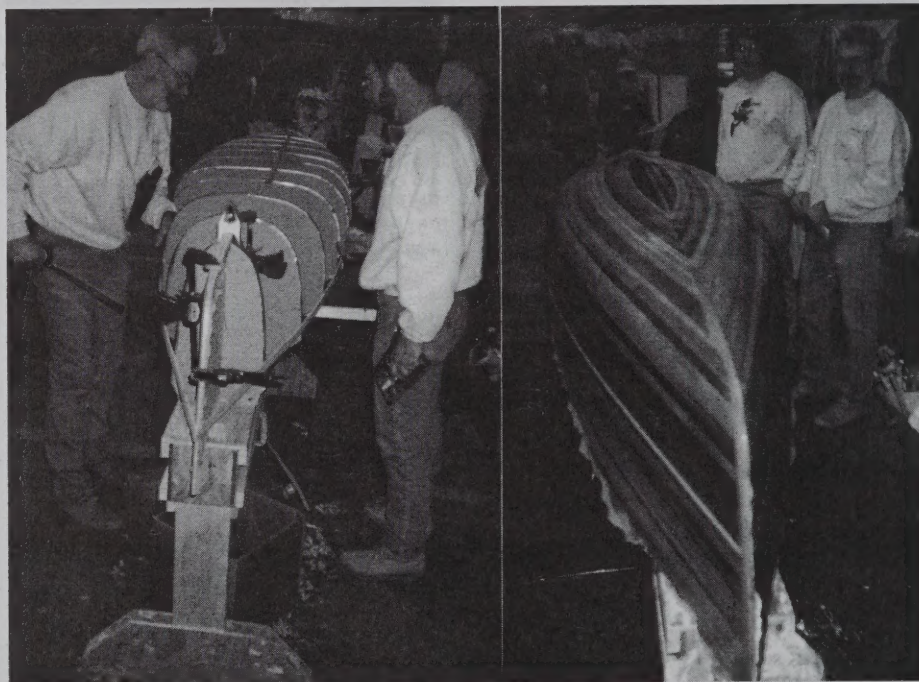
The crowd is similarly a mix of old regulars who wouldn't miss the show and new folks coming to find out what it is all about. The latter often find it hard to contain their enthusiasm for what a feast this is for the small boat lover and become old regulars thereafter. At our booth we meet both, and enjoy greeting our old regulars as well as introducing this magazine to the new people.

Herewith once again we take a photographic tour of the show, a look at those who caught our eye for one reason or another that we felt might also be of interest to you.



More Than a Simple Pram

The sign read "Classic Boatworks of Maine" but the unfinished pram somehow didn't fit that image so I asked about it. Well, Marshall and Jo Duhaime of Hancock, Maine do indeed do classic boat restorations and building to order. Some pretty big stuff, 50 footers, were shown in their photo gallery of projects undertaken. The pram? They sold three at the show, something a showgoer could buy with walking around money, which paid all their show expenses. You gotta like their email address below. Classic Boatworks of Maine, HC77 Box 237A, Hancock, ME 04640, (207) 422-9180, email:toyboater@cheerful.com

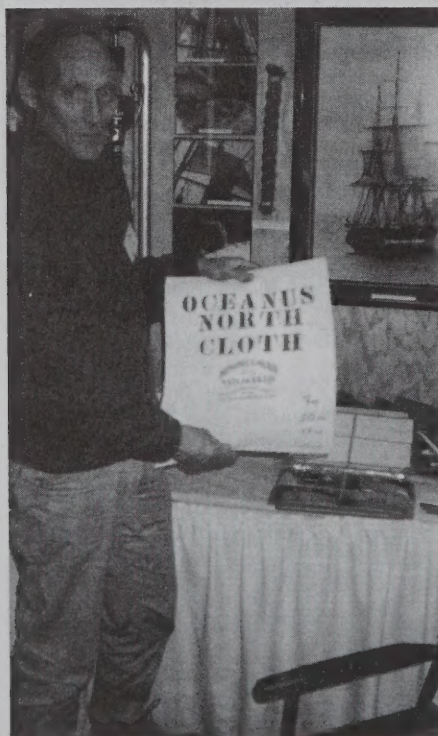


Production

Michael Vermouth (at left) brought his Newfound Woodworks to the show in bulk, he had a large inside booth displaying his line of canoe and kayak stripper designs, building supplies and kits, where he and his crew built a stripper canoe over the three day weekend, and an outside display of finished boats near the main entrance for all those standees at show opening time to look over. The building project necessarily required concentrated attention but his crew took care of the interested onlookers while he forged ahead. The canoe was a new design for his line of kits, the North Sea, a 17' design from Canadian John Winters, who chose to use modern computer aided design techniques to design the hydrodynamics of his hull shapes instead of just copying the long established wisdom from Indian days. Newfound Woodworks, Inc., RFD #2 Box 850, Bristol, NH 03222, (603) 744-6872.

Not Just for the U.S.S. Constitution

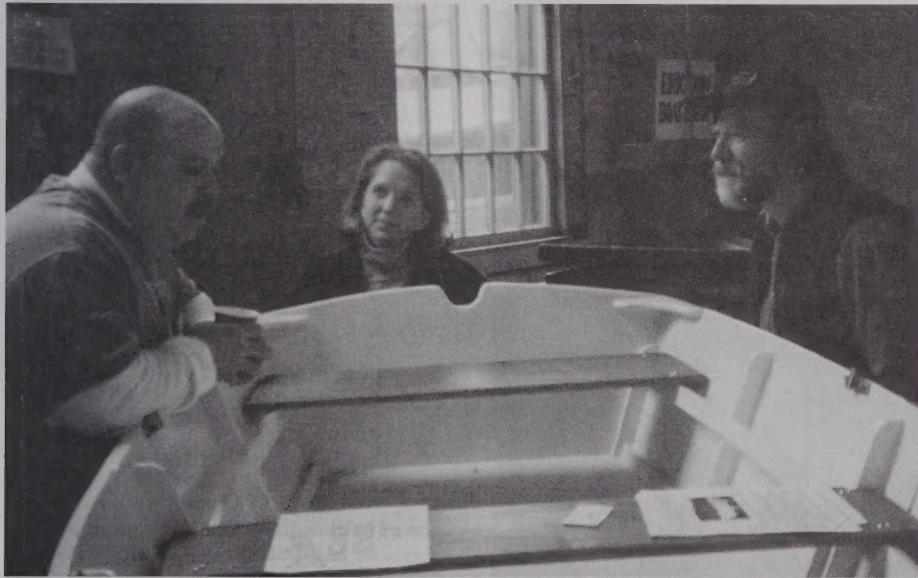
Nat Wilson of East Boothbay, Maine, has been building traditional sails for many years, mostly for big boats like the dude schooners and historic replicas. His most recent major effort was doing a topsail for the *U.S.S. Constitution's* sail last summer off Marblehead, Massachusetts. The specs for the job required a modern synthetic sailcloth which would look, feel, and act like cotton canvas. Oceanus North Cloth was the choice, and Nat was onboard *Old Ironsides* on her historic sail to see how his handiwork worked. Nat emphasizes, however, that this sailcloth is also available in weights suitable for small boats and that he can build sails for such traditional craft to order. Nathaniel S. Wilson, Sailmaker, Lincoln St., E. Boothbay, ME 04544, (207) 633-5071.





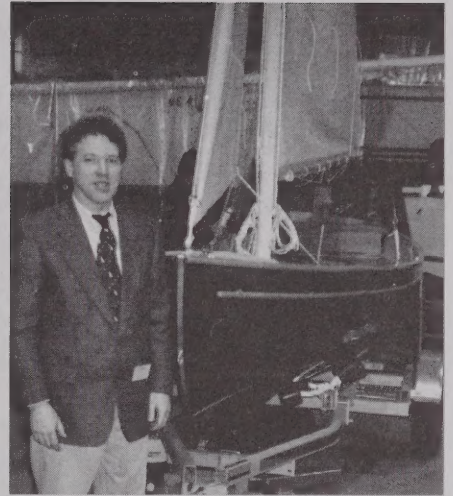
Small Can Be Successful

Merv Hammet of Compass Classic Yachts on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, still goes to the shop everyday to continue producing his line of small classic Cape Cod boats in fiberglass. Despite a sales record that would be the envy of any small builder, Merv labors on himself molding his hulls and fitting them out with fine wood and hardware. Merv started with the 18' Baybird sloop (which design in wood graced our very first cover in May, 1983) and has now sold 18 of these. He soon built a mold for a 12' fiberglass catboat similar to the long popular Beetle Cat, his Cape Cod Catboat and has sold 78 of these. Most recently he again went to work building a mold for his 14' Classic Cat, which was on display at the show, and with a smile reported that he had now delivered 28 of that model. If you're good at what you do, work hard at it and choose designs with popular appeal, you too can be a successful, yet still small, boatbuilder. Compass Classic Yachts, Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662, (508) 255-5187.



The Sagamore Tender & More

Paul and Susan Bennett (at left) of Shoestring Shipyard on upper Cape Cod don't lack for ideas and efforts for building a business building small boats. Paul showed up a couple of years ago at the WoodenBoat Show with his simple inexpensive rowing skiffs but had to back off when he lost his shop lease. Then he got married. Now reinforced by wife Susan he's off and running again. His Sagamore Tender is his latest design aimed at home builders. He sells plans for it, wrote a book on how to build it (which Susan produced and published), offers Gold Plate, Blue Collar and Poor Boy kits, or will build one complete for you. The Bennetts also have a bunch of promotional stuff to get your attention, and are opening a summer sea kayak rental business as part of their sea kayak dealership. Lotta energy and creativity at work here. Shoestring Shipyard, P.O. Box 117, Sagamore Beach, MA 02562, (508) 888-7960, email: info@shoestringshipyard.com, www.shoestringshipyard.com



Hopeful Last Year, Back Again

Jean Grenier turned up last year from Quebec with his second Exploration 18 cruising daysailer facing a pretty urgent need to sell the boat if he was to carry on building them and not have to drop back to doing repairs for a living. We pictured his boat on the cover of our May 15, 1997 issue and followed up in the June 1 issue with details on the design. Now here was Jean back again, with Hull #6, he's selling some boats! Jean Grenier, Ligne D'Eau, 580 rue St. Joseph, Levis, PQ G6V 1H9, Canada, (418) 837-0356.



Work in Progress

Steve Kaulback (second from left looking into boat) had finished versions of his cold molded Adirondack Guideboat on display, but also brought along this partly completed hull, as somehow the unfinished boats seem to attract a lot of attention to construction methods. Maybe they remind onlookers of their own projects back home in the barn. Steve is pleased as can be over how well his customer Paul Neil's boat did in last fall's Oarmaster Trials and is actively promoting the boat for other than inland lake use. The Adirondack Guideboat, P.O. Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.



Hollowood

Platt Monfort (at left) continues pursuing his innovative ways, in this case he discovered the product Hollowood, which is plywood laminated on a mandrel into tubular form. Along with his geodesic boat design plans and his Black Fly skiff display, Platt was demonstrating to one and all the virtues of this new product for sparmaking. The manufacturer won't sell it in small lots so someone is needed to become a distributor willing to buy it in large lots and resell it to all of us who might find it a useful product. Monfort Associates, 50 Haskell Rd., Westport, ME 04578, (207) 882-5504.



Space Available

Bill Clements builds some very nice small wooden boats by the glued lapstrake method, including the two double paddle canoes beside him in the photo. Bill also does canoe repairs and stocks a lot of supplies for home canoe builders/restorers. But Bill's latest news is that he now has extra space in his new larger shop in N. Billerica, Massachusetts, as his co-tenant has moved out, returning home to Wisconsin. Bill now offers to rent this space to amateur builders for them to build in, and can provide on-the-spot supplies, and will also consult on the client/tenant's project if such is desired. William Clements, Boatbuilder, 18 Mt. Pleasant St., N. Billerica, MA 01862, (978) 663-3103.



Sweet Dream Raffle

The Moultonborough Academy Manufacturing Company from Moultonborough, New Hampshire ran a fund raising raffle for one of their Sweet Dream canoes. This is a school program, students attend an hour and a half class daily building these Marc Pettengill designed folded ply canoes, and manage the company they have formed to market their work. They build the boats, and learn manufacturing techniques and business management. Great program, nice boat. That's teacher-advisor Mr. Bly, who told us the raffle was very successful. Moultonborough Academy Manufacturing Company, P.O. Box 228, Moultonboro, NH 03254.

Down From the North Woods

Jerry Stelmok has become a major guru of traditional wood/canvas canoe building the Maine way, he's written books and teaches courses on the subject. He also runs his Island Falls Canoe building Maine guide canoes, in some cases on original builders' molds. Jerry had these two beautiful products of his shop on display, what went missing by the time I took the photo was the scale model that sat on the thwarts of the lower canoe. He sold it. Island Falls Canoe, 220 Stagecoach Rd., Atkinson, ME 04426, (207) 564-7612.



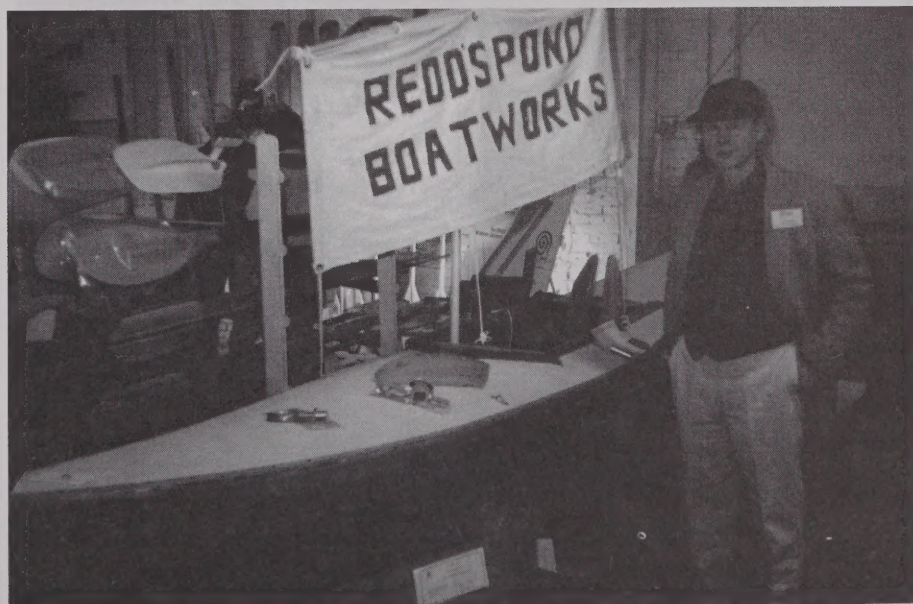
Four Generations & Going Strong

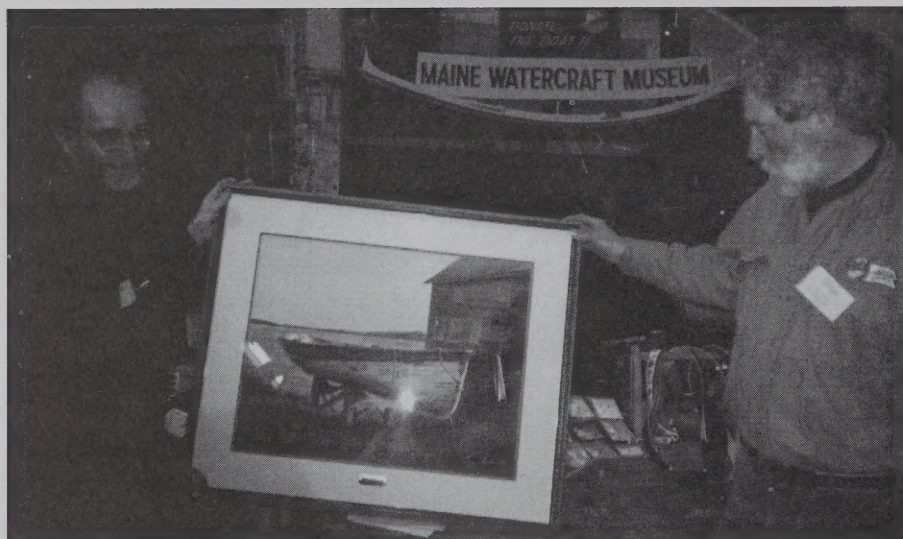
Cecil Heisler waxed enthusiastic in his appreciation of wood for boat building and his Rose Boat sailing/rowing skiff on display bore out the dedication his family firm has for wood. Cecil is the third generation to operate C.R. Heisler & Son, Ltd. of Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. Grandfather William left Tanook Island to begin boatbuilding on Gifford Island in Mahone Bay in 1921, son Clarence continued the work and incorporated the firm in his own name, now his son Cecil is running the business, and nearby in the booth a fourth generation nephew is already involved. The short season in the Maritimes doesn't seem to discourage yachting and Cecil says most of their work is storing, maintaining, and restoring classic yachts for well heeled summercators. Clarence R. Heisler & Son, Ltd., Indian Point, RR#2, Mahone Bay, NS B0J 2E0, Canada, (902) 624-9134.



Just What He Wanted

Thad Danielson is somewhat of an eccentric amongst boatbuilders around our area as he insists on building his wooden boats of traditional materials and by traditional methods only, and has turned out some interesting small lapstrake craft. A recent effort resulted from his interest in building an L. Francis Herreshoff kayak. Thad proceeded to humor his current vision and about the time he completed the boat, someone came by his shop in Marblehead, Massachusetts to ask where he might get an L.Francis Herreshoff kayak. Talk about serendipity! So here was Thad at the show with the just completed boat already sold. Redd's Pond Boat Works, 1 Norman St. Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-3443.





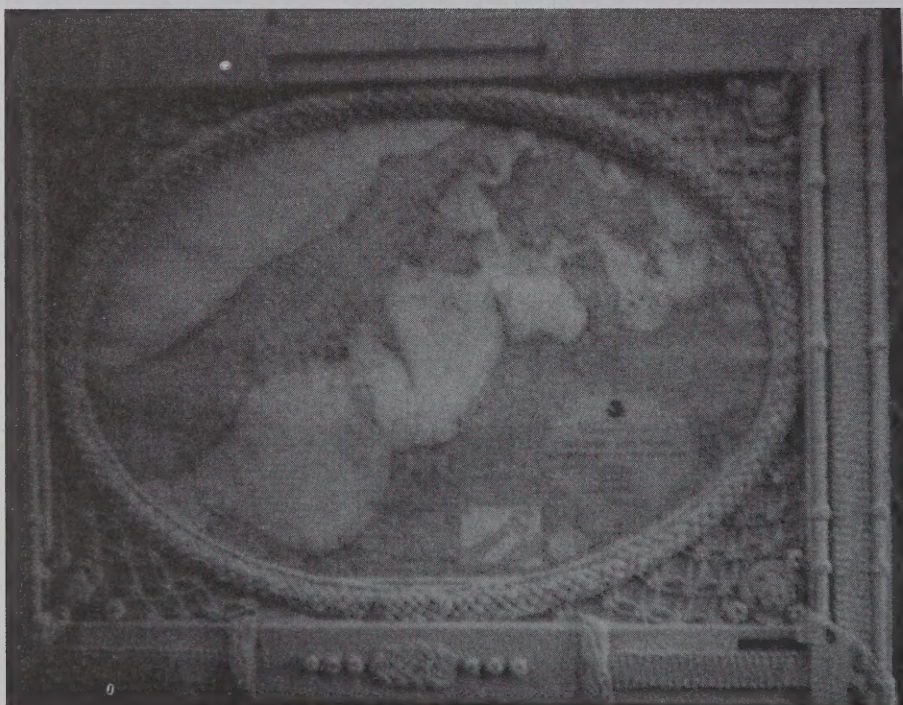
The Maine Watercraft Museum

"This will be the year," said John Shelley (right in photo), founder and director of this unique maritime museum located in Thomaston, Maine. It's been five years now since John undertook to gather in one place all possible examples of Maine watercraft. Now with over 130 boats in hand, John figures from a listing in a maritime museum "Union List" that he now has the 4th largest collection of antique boats in the country behind Mystic, Adirondack and Clayton. Whatever rank this grass roots museum has, it's a unique setup, many, many volunteers and donors of boats have supported the concept, which includes not only original unrestored boats but also some in-the-water boats in a livery. This year's Show Raffle painting was unveiled at the show just as I happened to be passing by. Serendipity. The Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (207) 354-0444, email: oldboats@midcoast.com; www: <http://www.midcoast.com/~oldboats>



Hot Showers

Lee Bumstead's new book, *Hot Showers, Maine Coast Lodgings for Kayakers & Sailors*, marks a sea change in the emphasis Lee has previously applied in her volunteer work for MITA, the Maine Island Trail Association. Development of the original concept of small boating along the Maine Coast camping on islands made available for such basic cruising has resulted in growing concern now about island overnighting overuse. So Lee went out and scouted up all the neat bed and breakfast facilities alongshore she could find and compiled this guidebook on where to stay shoreside as an alternative to island camping. The 240 page book, with illustrations, is available for \$17.95 plus \$2 s&h from Audenreed Press, P.O. Box 1305, #103, Brunswick, ME 04011. The publisher, incidentally, is a writers' co-op so more of the money you spend for the book gets back to the author. And Lee is a most deserving author.



The Marlinspike Artist

Barbara Merry had something a bit more exotic on display this year amongst her traditional functional nautical ropework. Pictured is an ornate complex "frame" for a nautical chart, clearly a case where the frame exceeds the framed item in attractiveness and value. Barbara did up this fancywork to to qualify for a major judged crafts show and was accepted. She says her regular workaday ropework kinda slacked off a bit while she went at this project. Marlinspike Artist & Co., 360 Gooseberry Rd., Wakefield, RI 02879, (401) 783-5404.

Photo Gallery

For three days as we manned our booth we noticed this young man sitting across from us alongside the wall of the food concession's dining area. I wondered if he were watching the coffee pots or something and never noticed the photos on the wall overhead. Nor did I see the rest on the walls inside the dining area (observant journalist, eh?). Sunday afternoon when things slowed down I just had to ask him what his patient vigil was for. Well, the photos overhead and inside were a project he had done called, "Boatbuilding: The Shop and the Yard" in connection with his studies at Yale. So I went off to look and found the black and white images of downeast boatbuilding to be some very evocative vignettes of the appeal that boatbuilding and boatyards seem to have for many of us. Nathan Brown, P.O. Box 201615, Yale Station, New Haven, CT 06520, (207) 8467-5375 (home phone, he lives in Maine).



Thinking of a Bigger Boat?

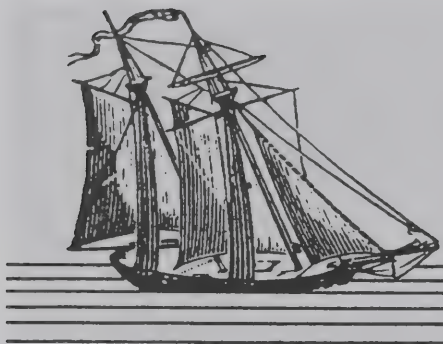
Well, have we got something for you. Power: Get a load of the size of this diesel. It oughta make your new boat fly. Or tug. Drive: How about this Ultrajet drive, hook it up to that diesel and no more prop to bang on the ledges. Control: Up front you can set up this command station with gauges to tell you anything you ever will want to know about what your boat is doing.



Living Life Their Way

Babara and Michael Porter live on Chebeague Island in Casco Bay, where they respectively pursue careers in Assyrian History and boatbuilding and design. Michael dropped out of academia about 20 years ago to build Swampscott dories, but soon saturated that market and carried on from there building what he could. For the past eight years he has been exclusively working on a 36' steam yacht he designed and built, including all the steam equipment and machinery, for Dodge Morgan. As this once in a lifetime project draws to a close, Michael is branching out into design (we'll have an article on his work in an upcoming issue) and consulting. Meanwhile Barbara earned her doctorate in Assyrian History, travelled to the near east for first hand experience, and found teaching jobs at universities. Now she's founded an Assyrian History Center right there on Chebeague where aficionados of this exotic discipline gather for conferences. Nothing to do with boats, I know, but a monument to how dedication to a dream can result in its fulfillment. Michael Porter Marine Design, Systems Engineering, Consulting, 573A Soule Rd., Chebeague Island, ME 04017, (207) 846-3145, email: mporter@sprynet.com





Amistad Keel Laying Ceremony Inaugurates Construction of Historic Freedom Schooner

Mystic Seaport Release

Two thousand people gathered at Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, on Sunday, March 8 to celebrate the historic keel laying of the freedom schooner *Amistad*.

"*Amistad* will be the crucible where the past and the present melds into a future that sees all individuals as free physically, emotionally and socially to reach their capabilities," said William Pinkney, the first African American to sail solo around the world, and *Amistad's* captain.

Government officials, including Senators Christopher Dodd and Joseph Lieberman, school children, church groups, corporate leaders and the public were present at the day-long event. The high point of the celebration came at 3:30 p.m. when fifty six adults and four children, representing the 60 souls who left Havana on board *Amistad* that fateful day in June, 1839, moved a two-ton (4,000 pound), 50' piece of South American "purpleheart" hardwood to the spot where the building of the freedom schooner *Amistad* is taking place.

March 8 was chosen as the date of the keel laying ceremony to coincide with the first annual observance of *Amistad* Sunday in the calendar of the 1.5 million member United Church of Christ, which is a sponsor of the vessel. Other sponsors include the project's founding sponsor, Phoenix Home Life Mutual Insurance Company and charter sponsor Southern New England Telephone.

When construction is completed in 2000, the \$3.1 million, 80', hand-hewn schooner will sail the nation's waterways as Connecticut's educational ambassador, bringing lessons of history, cooperation and leadership to Americans of all ages, interests and cultural backgrounds. Re-creating *Amistad* is a joint project of Mystic Seaport and Amistad America, the not-for-profit organization charged with raising funds to build the ship and overseeing the vessel's educational programming. Meanwhile, visitors from all over the world are expected to visit Mystic Seaport to experience the building of *Amistad*.

Interfaith Service of Commemoration on the occasion of the Keel Laying Celebration of the AMISTAD

By Tim Weaver

The keel laying ceremony of the *Amistad* at Mystic Seaport wasn't about boats, but it was about an America that can't be defined without boats, about an Atlantic civilization that defined everything from the form of a rowboat in the 1600's in small, sparsely settled coastal farm and fishing towns of New England to the taste of an emerging Europe for sugar and the money to be had. It was about the Atlantic world of slaves that made it all add up, the leg of The Middle Passage, and The Seasoning and, finally, grueling work in the fields. It was a look at Atlantic beginnings, New World genesis.

What made it resonate for me stemmed from two aspects of my life. One, an off and on closeness with things Afro-American when I was growing up, from friends to listening to jazz on the radio from Baltimore, to seeing Miles Davis and the great pianist Monk perform at the Apollo in Harlem; and two, a winter I spent wandering around Miami and the northern Caribbean when I was 18 as a hand, perhaps not the best, a 150' steel staysail schooner, a true Atlantic race-horse with 10,500 square foot of sail that could still fly and in her old age was being used as a vacation boat in the tourist trade.

And she took me to places I didn't understand. West Indian places: Over the hill in Nassau, out islands, small towns far away, the bars and whatever of Cape Haitian. She introduced me to a history I didn't know, to Henri Christophe and deep in the mountains, beyond the ruins of the Church of San Souci, up a steep and slippery trail with tin shacks about, up a trail that twisted, turned and fought its way to the mountain top, to the Citadel, a fortress built on cliff where, legend has it, West Indian soldiers would march willfully off its precipitous wall at Christophe's command, their deaths a display of allegiance. And I saw the land of Papa Doc, his image plastered everywhere, a land that was, and still is, a terribly damaged land, a part of the vast African Diaspora of 8 million to a fate that just freezes the heart if examined with any clarity.

And it wasn't until years later that I found out that Cape Haitian was the old Cape Francois, and Haiti, St. Domingue where the first slave rebellions of consequence began, a place where West Indian slaves fed up with it all burnt plantations. A place from which visiting African seamen, there were some 20,000 on Atlantic waters at that time, would spread the tale of liberty to slaves throughout the Americas, across the gulfs and sounds, up the bays and rivers and creeks. It was a tale that turned the notion that Africans were by nature subservient, a favored notion of slave owners of that age, into the counterfeit fact it was. And the entire story was a blank spot in my education, wasn't in the school books I'd

read that was part of an otherwise decent education.

So I went to Mystic wondering how anyone could deal with this story of Atlantic madness. And I found out; with religion and an open spirit and some music to keep one moving along. There was a fine church service, they had a huge tent on the big green just inside the main gate. I got a program and sat down, rested a moment. And the preaching began, The Rev. Dr. Davida Foy Crabtree, Rabbi Stephen Fuchs, Imam Qasim Sharief, The Reverend Dr. Henry Scott III, and The Rev. Allison Phillips. The music moved in and out. The Voices of Joy Choir from the York Correctional Institution for Woman in Connecticut and The First Congregational Church of Norwalk with its salt and pepper choir, so strong.

And my mind drifted a bit, things were moving with a flow, a spiritual crept up on me, "Jesus just walks with me", and "steal away, steal away with Jesus". And I thought of another spiritual, *Amazing Grace*, and its author, Captain John Newton, and the line "that saved a wretch like me" was about himself, a slave ship captain who later wrote of The Middle Passage, "Every morning, perhaps, more instances than one are found of the living and the dead fastened together".

And preaching continued to the issue of broken lives and wrung out hearts, to the shackle and the remnants of such that still linger with us, racism and intolerance, to the counterfeit notion that the measure of a man, the measure of a woman, the measure of child can be taken through the eyes of race, a notion that to this day causes great trouble.

That stopped me, I remembered something that as a youth had really puzzled me. It happened on that schooner almost forty years ago. We were running uphill, close hauled, as far into the wind as she would go, all sail set, a hard Caribbean breeze with a nice wave running. She boomed along, turning the waves that met her bow into great white and green curled walls crashing forward. And one of the flying jib sheets seemed to be letting go, and a lot of power's on that line at time like this. But it wasn't the sheet coming loose. It was a great steel cleat, a cleat at least two feet long and seventy pounds or so, peeling off the deck.

Somebody, thinking quick, got a line on the cleat and tied that off, almost, then that started breaking loose. There was nothing that could be done, come about and that jib would shake so hard that cleat would be thrown, and who knows where; ease her off the wind and the pressure would just get worse. There was no answer. For a few seconds everyone just watched.

Then Duke, a galley cook from one of the out islands, jumped in the midst of things, the cleat's pure blurred motion, the line's flash, the boat's roll, the wind's rush,

the jib's pull. He moved with that cleat, a fearless explosion of muscle most carefully controlled. It was a deadly dance, he saw his chance, re-set the line, they ran it aft and calm returned. And Duke, as quickly as he left the galley, returned. I couldn't believe my eyes. Why wasn't I in the galley and he on deck? And how many times had he swallowed that fate?

That's something that's always bothered me. And the years have taught me why, the counterfeit eyes of race, and I've seen it more than once since, and so, perhaps, have most.

And I drifted back into the present tense. The sermon of The Rev. Phillips, I most enjoyed, what a way with words. His sermon was modern study of "America the Beautiful, of Thee I sing ... and dream." It was done in the Afro-American tradition with a keyboard accompanist, The Rev. Larry DeLong, and brought forward the notion of expanding the strength of the song, adding a new meaning to its phrases, for example "land where our fathers died", can include the notion of men such as Caesar Chavez, Medgar Evers and Andrew Goodman.

And things flowed on. The Voices of Joy moved a spiritual or two along and then came the salt and pepper choir from the First Congregational Church of Norwalk. The place was loosening up.

Well, I had to pinch myself. This was Mystic, this was conflicted yachting, well maybe not yachting but maybe really yachting, fake lighthouse and all, a place that has the *Morgan* not all that far from the *Brilliant*, a working dory not far from a New York Yacht Club building, sponsoring, or helping to sponsor, a prayer meeting, putting boats in their proper perspective in the American experience, an experience that is so much a mix of land and sea that one does not exist except in terms of the other.

Later, after a program of history, story telling and song and dance very nicely handled by Glen Gordinier of the seaport staff, the keel laying ceremony was broadcast from the shipyard to the big tent for all to see. And there was Revell Carr, President and Director of Mystic Seaport, speaking of the re-creation of this desperate ship, noting it would be Mystic's first chance for a complete build, and that until now the shipyard, no matter how you put it, had mainly been the home for "patch jobs", for fixing this and that. And here was a chance to put the place to work. And at the very heart of the American experience, it seems. To move into the past from the present, to transform this ship. As Sanford Cloud, President of the National Council of Christians and Jews, said, "to lay a keel that can give new meaning to friendship, lay a keel that can give new meaning to learning, lay a keel that can give new meaning to freedom."

Driving home, and over the next week or so, I couldn't help but think about that day at Mystic, that perhaps there was more to things than what had been said, that there might be another dimension to things, one beyond the capture of words, one that gradually seemed to surrounded me as I thought about this re-creation. A story I'd heard not that long ago was running through my mind. So, good reader, bear with me, indulge my thoughts a bit.

Last winter, it was Friday night I think, an old friend gave me a call. He was in town, just finished up some business, had the night free and hoped we could get together. It was a chance to chew the fat, catch up on each other's lives. We knew each other's families, brothers, sisters, parents. It was pure enjoyment to talk about old times, to see what time and circumstance had brought about. And my friend got on the subject of how things that really matter are often not quite what they seem, and to further complicate matters, as we get older, the things we think matter, change.

And the story of his brother Larry unfolded. Well I knew Larry, too. He was famous or infamous in a local way when younger and caused a good deal of trouble in the family, the worst being an incident that hurt his mother deeply, inside her, and it must have left an impression on the way folks thought of her, too. And Larry went to jail for a while. Well, as we both knew, Larry'd changed since then, done well by his own family and, surprisingly, turned out to be a sharp businessman. And the incident of long ago was forgotten, never mentioned, everyone decided it just didn't happen.

Every one but Larry. Raising his children, and the years that followed in which he had grown close to his mother again made him realize how hard that incident must have hurt her. It gnawed on him. So one day he decided he'd take her for a ride, as he often did as she grew older, and bring up the past. Well, they took that ride and Larry started in, but he couldn't do it, so he just kept driving. Then he felt the strength, some power come to him, and he talked about what never was discussed, and that he was truly sorry. His mother said little, just listened. Now it was well known in that family that, when she liked something you'd done, let it get deep within, she'd grab your arm, or maybe just put her arm around you

and hold hard, and you'd know it mattered. And that happened and Larry felt her grip. It had needed doing and he had done what he had to do, things were all they could be.


About a year later Larry's dad came over to Larry's house. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon and he told Larry how his mother had talked and talked about that ride with him so many times in the past year. How that ride had helped her so, for what Larry'd never known was that for years she'd held herself accountable for those things that happened, many a night had cried, wondered what she'd done wrong, what was wrong with her, and how that ride had lifted so much off her shoulders.

Perhaps, in its own way, the Amistad speaks in the same manner.

So fellows down Mystic way, down in the shipyard, the men, and hopefully, the women, who'll have to drift in and out of Mystic to put this project together, do the lofting (or these days maybe a cad operation), the molding, the timber framing, the planking, inboard and outboard joinery, the caulking; the folks we'll never hear about but the ones that'll turn this notion into reality, go carefully here. Let the hand and eye add sense to what's afoot. This keel just laid will have to travel troubled waters and will carry cargo beyond treasure of the Spanish Main. And if at times some things are hard to build because of the story that they tell, maybe, just maybe the heart will get a little help to get the job done.


The Amistad Committee, Inc. of New Haven, a prime mover and shaker of the project, The United Church of Christ, Mystic Seaport, the State of Connecticut, the Phoenix Home Mutual Life Insurance company, one of whose founders was an abolitionist, and the Connecticut Afro-American Historical Society are putting together something of amazing merit. It is American voice at its best.

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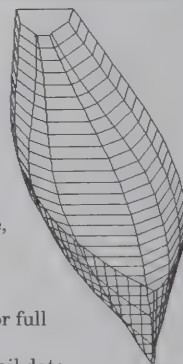
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Pauline Pateman was the widow of a lumberjack killed in a logjam the previous year. Her little guest house was as prim and pretty as its fair mistress, and the savor and sight of that waiting supper strum the chords of gustatory memory to this day. Prepared in the brief half hour that had elapsed since my boat had rounded the westerly point of the bay, it amply bore out the claim of the youngster who guided me cross lots to the gate at the head of the hollyhock and petunia bordered walk.

"Polly Pateman is as good a cooker as she is a looker," he had assured me, and there was Polly, curtsying and dimpling welcome at the door, and there was the supper steaming and sizzling welcome from the kitchen. Hot scones and sweet clover comb honey! Mushroom omelet! Baked whitefish! Wild strawberries and cream thick enough to spread with a knife! Apple pie with a crust so tender that it almost faded away before one's gasp of anticipation! Caviar, from a sturgeon netted in the bay!

And, oh, yes, the customs collector had surmised aright when he reckoned that "Jim had been attacked by the deer again." Polly confessed she had learned that trick of larding a haunch of venison in countless tiny slits from a French Canadian guide.

Presently, when it was clear that I had really come from the other side of the boundary beyond all reasonable doubt, I was informed of the "deer menace." Ontario had very strict game laws, it appeared, but, in the case of moose, deer, and other horned animals capable, when enraged, of doing grievous bodily injury, there had always been a very liberal interpretation in favor of the hunter forced to kill one in defense of his life.

With the burden of proof up to the wardens, there was no need for a man to take undue chances in waiting to stop with a bullet the charge of an infuriated bull or buck. As the deer of Cockburn and Mantoulin Islands had an especially sinister reputation for attacking unprovoked and without warning, it was not considered safe to venture far from the main-traveled roads unarmed.

It also appeared that some men were more liable to unprovoked attack than others, and among those most susceptible locally was "Long Jim" McPherson. Jim, who boarded with Polly when work was slack in the logging camps, lounged by the fire, cleaning his battered old Winchester the while, and told of the Damoclean threat that ever seemed to hang over him in the woods. He was always being rushed unexpectedly, he said, and especially in the summer. This made it particularly dangerous, because bucks' horns, like oysters, are likely to be poisonous in the months without an "r."

So he wouldn't take no chances, not he. Of course, good meat couldn't be wasted, and so... "Long Jim" spread his hands with a "what would you?" gesture and grinned across to where I was just wolfing my third helping of Polly's larded haunch of venison.

What a supper that was after my long day on the lake, and how priceless the hour that followed, with Jim and me swapping yarns about stopping wild animals in full charge with our unerring rifles, and fair Polly pausing in her dishwashing to regard now one and now the other with half-twinkling, half-wondering eyes, puzzled to know which was drawing the longer bow!

Polly had prepared me a room as fresh

By Waterways to Gotham

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain, and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter VIII Down the Great North Channel

and fragrant as the perfume of the lilac bloom welling in through the open windows, but Prudence jogged my elbow to warn that it would not be wise to sleep a quarter of a mile from my boat on a night when conflicting wind gusts scuffling in the street told that the skirmishing vanguards of the storm which had menaced from the south all afternoon were massing for attack. Jim, striding confidently through the impenetrable pall of the darkness, guided me back to the tottering wharf. Remarking that the air was as "striped as a she skunk," he reckoned that it would be behaving just as ornery before morning.

The "streakiness" of the atmosphere was indeed remarkable. One moment the perspiration started to your brow as it was lapped by a humid stream of air that might have been simmering in the caldron of the tropics, the next your face was lashed by an aerial icicle chill enough to have tumbled from the eaves of the roof of the Arctic. Anon you were buffeted by whirling dervishes of dust devils formed where the two met and mingled and wrestled for mastery to the accompaniment of shrieks and snarls of frenzied effort. One had the feeling of being shouldered in the dark by a milling mob of ruffians, an apprehension that he might be sandbagged or slugged from behind at every turn.

Jim lent a hand to do what was possible in rigging fenders and running extra mooring lines for the boat before leaving me to spread my bed in the rickety warehouse at the landward end of the wharf. Dozing off twice whilst blowing up my air mattress, Morpheus had both arms round my unprotesting form before I was well inside the covers. Few things in life are sweeter than the sleep that is induced by clean, hard work and lungs fanned full of wind-driven ozone.

Proof against the earnest efforts of sound and motion to break the stranglehold of the Sleep God, I was awakened at long last by the shock of cold, very cold, water. My shelter was wallowing like a ship in a gale, a doomed ship on the verge of foundering at that. Not only was it rolling rails under at every surge, but it was also leaking like a sieve. Indeed, that simile falls far short of doing justice to the situation. A sieve leaks only through the bottom, whereas that old warehouse was taking water impartially through its floor, roof, and sides.

When a momentarily bared patch of starry sky, glimpsed through the disintegrating shingles, revealed this triple cataclysm as

having its fount in the lake rather than the heavens, I had fair measure of the force and fervor of the bit of aerial Donnybrook raging without.

Not doubting that the ramshackle structure was about to be tossed lakeward, if not heavenward, on the horns of a wild bull of a tornado, I shamelessly turned tail on bed and boat and bolted for terra firma. My bowed head butted almost as thwackingly against the wind as upon some part of the frame of the broken door, and my heart went into my mouth as a lightning flash revealed the upper air peppered thickly with fragments of wreckage, whirling like autumn leaves.

Reassurance came with the realization that the stone jetty was still on an even keel, and the discovery of the fact that the aspiring whorl of storm tossed wood was principally composed of light and comparatively innocuous shingles from the ancient sawmill.

My oozing courage ebbed back quickly enough once I was clear of the primal chaos inside the shattered warehouse, but it was not equal to going out on the exposed end of what I still believed to be a wrecked wharf until Captain McKay and his crew came down to lead the way with a lantern.

Admitting that it was "a nasty bit of a blow," the veteran Scotch fisherman said that he had known the old wharf to weather many another just as bad, and that he had no great fear for the safety of his tug.

Although the prevailing gusts appeared to be coming from the south across the island, there was a heavy sea running in from the bay. Water from waves pounding under the warehouse dashed about our knees as we pushed across the bulging planking. This was nothing, however, to the solid green water that was washing right over the top of the open wharf beyond. The hump of the hard-running waves was broken every few feet by a jet shot up through the hole where a plank was missing. This, with the blinding spray, made night navigation difficult. McKay and his French Canadians, broken to reeling decks, seemed to manage to stumble on more or less upright, my own progress was largely on hands and knees.

Reinforced again and again through the years, the old wharf was an almost solid mass of timbers, both above and below water. This formed a fairly well-protected lee as long as the structure stood. McKay's big tug, skillfully and heavily moored, proved to be riding quite comfortably. A smaller launch, against which my own boat was secured, appeared to be about to break away, however. As this would have meant the almost instant destruction of both craft as soon as they drifted out of the lee of the wharf, there was nothing for me to do but to cast off and try to find a better berth before the odds became prohibitive.

While McKay and his men worked to secure the launch, I reefed the canvas cover of my boat, shipped the oars, and stood by to run for the shore as soon as the lantern could be spared to find a landing place. It is always awkward working in the dark in a banging boat, and here there was no end of a mess due to the fact that the water dashing over the top of the wharf threatened to swamp the craft as the protecting canvas cover was rolled back to give rowing room.

Fortunately McKay was ready to cast me off before the menace from the flood became serious. My painter parted even as they let it go, while the stern line, as I discovered later,

had chafed down to its last strand. My pounding boat would have been adrift on its own in another five minutes.

As soon as the lantern twinkled to landward, I swung the boat's nose in line with it and headed toward what I dimly recalled as a bank built out from the sawmill with slabs and sawdust. The wind got under the loosely furled hood as I passed out of the lee of the wharf and, billowing it into a yawing balloon of canvas, drove the boat at a wild wallow before it. The best I could do was to hold the stern to the wind and keep from striking beam-on.

With headway unchecked, the bow hit the crumbling wall with the force of a battering ram. Already undermined by the pounding waves, the overhanging mass of rotten wood gave way at the blow and caved down to bury the bow all the way back to the sprayhood. This released an ancient pocket of dry dirt and sawdust which, caught by the wind, was whirled about in a blinding shower. Although the humor of it escaped me at the time, it was really rather funny, that getting "all dusty" at a moment the air was almost solid with driving spray.

With its nose held in a vise by the cave-in, the stern could not rise to the waves, and so there was nothing to prevent the water driving in and filling most of the boat not already choked with debris. My poor little Elto was, of course, completely submerged. Flying water laid the dust quickly, indeed, it took a hard-flipped wave crest effectually to clear my eyes and allow me to orientate sufficiently to abandon ship to landward rather than lakeward.

McKay and his men were already burrowing down to the buried bow as I clambered out beside them, and once a place to stand was cleared, it was the matter of but a few moments to work the boat above the rotten slabs and drag it back away from the encroaching waves. Dumping out the worst of the dirt and water, we made fast the canvas cover again and left her for the night.

A half hour's further work on the wharf did all that was possible for the launch and tug. Then, on Captain McKay's invitation, I carried my wet bed over to the bunkhouse occupied by his crew and turned in under a tight roof after quaffing a steaming mug of hot cider. The last I remember was the spatter of blown spray on the windward panes and old Pierre, the mate of the tug, trying to play a mouth organ and recite "*Ze night was black like one black cat*" at the same time.

Some time before morning a change came over the spirit of the weather. Daylight found it still stormy, but the cyclonic conditions had given way to a hard but not violent northerly gale. The harbor was scarred with irregular lines of converging seas, while the open North Channel was beaten white to the broken horizon. With an empty lake proving that even steamers were keeping port, pushing on with my own frail shallop was not to be considered.

Captain McKay expressed the opinion that the heavy storm of the night was a far-flung kick of a great tornado, the center of which, if the cloud formations of the previous afternoon could be trusted, was far to the south. That this diagnosis was substantially correct I was to learn several days later at Little Current, where the Toronto papers told of a cyclone, at its worst on Lake Erie and in northern Ohio, which had destroyed many millions of dollars worth of property and between two

and three hundred lives. It was rated as by far the most destructive Great Lakes storm of recent years.

For the next three days the gale continued with little abatement. With my boat safe on the shore, I continued to sleep at Captain McKay's bunkhouse and explore still further the inexhaustible resources of Polly Pateman's table. By way of diversion, I took a couple of long walks across the island and went out once to help protect "Long Jim" from the attacks of a big moose which he said frequented a remote patch of woods he desired to cruise for cedar. Moose were particularly savage during northerly gales, according to Jim, and he didn't want to take undue chances of being surprised. Fortunately, we were not molested.

By July 1st, Dominion Day, the gale had blown itself out. The outer lake was free of whitecaps for the first time since my arrival four days previously. With thunder clouds massing to south and west, however, Captain McKay recommended that I hang on until afternoon and await developments. The passage between Cockburn and Manitoulin Islands was a notoriously treacherous bit of water, and no chances should be taken in crossing it.

So I went with the veteran in his tug to lift his neglected nets, untouched for several days on account of bad weather. "Lifts" of whitefish and lake trout aggregating over a ton in weight, and worth at current prices nearly \$500, more than compensated for nets badly torn by waves and driftwood. With anything like reasonable luck, the consistent fisherman of the northern lakes is in line for substantial profits.

The clouds were still rearing ominous fronts when we came back to the wharf, but as there appeared to be no probability of their making any punitive movements before the end of the afternoon, Captain McKay thought it would be best to push off as quickly as possible and get across to Manitoulin while the going was good. There were many harbors along the north coast of this hundred-miles-long island, he said, with occasional smaller islands not far offshore. At the worst, I could dodge along from shelter to shelter between storms if the weather continued bad.

Launching and loading the boat and working the dirt and water out of my abused engine took until 3:00, when most of the population of the pretty little village came down to speed me on my way. Polly and "Long Jim" both brought characteristic contributions. Polly's offering was a 2-qt. can of wild strawberries and cream, that of Jim a byproduct of an attack made upon him by a five-prong buck, "a hellish vicious brute," while he was on his way to cruise for railroad sleeper timber. And so farewell to Cockburn Island and out into the lake. I had halted there four days. With the names of most of the people in my mind and some knowledge of the joys and sorrows of not a few, it was as though I had been there as many years.

Just as after its ignominious soaking in northern Lake Michigan, my engine was again splenetic and profane until the last of the extraneous matter had worked out of its system. For a mile or two the cylinders spat explosive oaths at each other between spells of sulking silences. Then their lungs were cleared of the irritating substances and the temperamental pair resumed their wonted purr of contentment.

Peace and power were restored oppor-

tunately, for the westerly point of Cockburn Island was now abeam to starboard, with the high, dark green hills of Manitoulin looming over the same bow. Between rolled the somber depths of Mississagi Straits, the waters agitated (as McKay had warned) with the conflicting currents from Lake Huron and the North Channel.

Under normal conditions, the current of the strait is from north to south, as in Detour and False Detour Passages, the three carrying to Huron most of the water draining from Superior by the Sault Ste. Marie. Today, however, doubtless due to the great storm which had swept the lakes to the south, a heavy swell and current were setting north from Huron, to meet at the North Channel entrance of Mississagi Strait a counter sea and current driven by a stiff breeze from the opposite direction. By an unfortunate chance, the battle ground of the opposing forces was directly across the only course which I could steer to reach the north coast of Manitoulin Island.

That was a lively passage from the outset, with a promise of becoming more so every moment as the thunderclouds banked higher in the northwest with their threat of throwing reinforcements and heavy artillery into a contest which was already waxing rougher than at least one inadvertent member of it had any desire for.

For a mile out into the North Channel from the mouth of the strait, the surface of the water was just one glorified tidal rip, waves wallowing without rhythm or responsibility, wrangling savagely to see which could climb upon its neighbor's back or knock his feet out from under him. None of them seemed really to hold any grudge against the boat itself, at the same time they had no compunction about trampling it underfoot if thereby they could grapple at each other's throats the readier. That made distinctly bad going, especially for an open boat.

It would have eased the situation materially to have been able to throttle down and run under a slowed engine, but this I was afraid to do, except as a last resort, for fear of being carried into the open strait with the imminent breaking of the northerly squall. And so I barged along as best I could, taking water impartially over bow, stern, and both sides, and getting rid of it in intermittent fits of activity with the bailing bucket. I was frankly and unfeignedly relieved when the wooded heights of Meldrum Point, the northwesterly extremity of Manitoulin Island, interposed to cut off the wind-piled tide from the main lake and put an end to the tossings of the infernal rip off Mississagi Strait.

I now had the alternative of running in past Brittomart Point and seeking shelter in deeply indented Meldrum Bay, or standing on along the north coast of Manitoulin as long as weather and daylight permitted. With the menace of the open strait removed, I plumped for the latter course. The bay would be on my lee in any event, and if the squall broke I had only to turn and run before it until a protecting cove was reached. It was quite a safe and conservative plan, in theory.

As though aware of my strategy, the generalissimo of the advancing cloud phalanxes coolly held his legions in leash until I had scudded almost all the way across the four-mile-wide entrance of the bay. Then, with only a tumble of rocky coast to leeward on the bay side of Point Chamberlain, he opened

up with all his guns. With landing quite out of the question along any of the shore in sight, there was nothing to do but to stand on round the point and hope for something better beyond.

A good deal of action was crowded into the next 20 minutes. With the wind and seas on my port beam, it was a rough-and-rowdy fight all the way to the point. The chart had warned me of a long lakeward reef off Chamberlain, and I had tried to lay a course far enough out to give the end of it a safe berth. Due, doubtless, to a greater leeway than I had allowed for, I found myself driving straight into a long patch of breaking waters masking the shoals beyond the end of the point. To avoid this, I had to turn right out and head into the teeth of the blustering squall.

Water came in faster than I could get rid of it for a few minutes, but I made up for lost time with the bailing bucket once I was round the point and headed back toward shore. With the wind on my port quarter, and finally dead astern, the spray hood acted as a sail and the boat drove in at a clip which quickly carried it to the outermost line of rapidly mounting breakers pounding along the rocky shore.

As the boat was still taking water faster than I could throw it overboard, the only thing left to do was to attempt a landing before it swamped. With the center of the squall not over a mile away, there was now no time to coast along for a more favorable spot.

Although the shore was less abrupt than on the other side of the point, nothing like a sheltered cove appeared to open up within eyescope in either direction. Nor was there anything even suggesting a sandy beach in sight. The shore was a series of sand-stone ledges covered with slabs and fragments of loose rock. The broken character of the surf indicated that deep water alternated with shoals, with rocks peppered thickly all along the inner lines near the beach.

Taught by my experience on the north coast of Lake Michigan the utter impossibility of running a heavy surf with a boat of low freeboard without swamping, I had already given some thought as to how to manage at the next emergency. Tilting the engine and backing in slowly had seemed the most promising plan to follow, a system somewhat comparable to that we had used in running the rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado the previous summer. This, I reckoned, would not only give an opportunity for better observation, but would also minimize the chance of swamping through, presenting the decked over bow rather than the open stern to the inrushing waves.

With one place looking as bad as another for rocks, I simply let the boat drift on as it was driving before the waves, trusting to luck and hard-plyed oars to avoid obstacles as they developed. We rode the outer lines of surf very buoyantly, taking but little water. I had no trouble in keeping the bow to the rollers in deep water, but when I had to check headway and pull quarteringly to prevent driving onto a half uncovered shoal it was touch-and-go to keep from being swung broadside.

This happened three times, with the last a really near squeeze from being turned and rolled across a patch of barely submerged rocks. Snapping off an oar by throwing too much weight on it, a second was shipped barely in time to swing the bow back to meet the next wave. Then I nipped into the lee in-

side of the rock patch and had quieter going on to where the half-spent breakers were throwing their dying efforts against the ledges which formed the shore.

Heading for the broadest break in the rocky shelf, I backed slowly in, checking the stern way of the boat to minimize the force of its final impact. Rolling out as the shoaling water put an end to the usefulness of the oars, I grasped the starboard gunwale and ran the lightened boat inward until, lifting with a wave, it came down and grounded solidly on the rock.

Steadying it here until two or three more breakers had spent themselves harmlessly over the bow, I unclamped the engine and, watching for a favorable opportunity between waves, ran in and deposited it on the shore. Gasoline, grub boxes, and bedroll followed, after which I was able to drag the boat in another ten feet. Here, with the stern out of water and the bow barely splashed by the expiring breakers, I wedged it on an even keel with logs and left it secure against anything but the banging of a protracted norther.

I was no more pleased over getting out of what was becoming an uncomfortable situation than I was over having worked out a plan by which I could land my 1500 pounds and more of boat, engine, and outfit single-handed through the breakers on a rocky shore with comparative ease and safety. The miserable mess-up of my landing on the north shore of Lake Michigan need not, I told myself, be repeated if only I used reasonable judgment in getting started shoreward in time and had reasonable luck in the matter of unforeseeable contingencies. Not a little of my lost confidence came surging back again, but not enough, fortunately, to set me tempting Providence again by taking undue chances.

It was not until all had been made snug with the boat for the night, and the last of the squall had gone thundering down leeward that I discovered that my haphazard landing had brought me right into the heart of a veritable sylvan paradise. The forest front was a line of budding birches that might have been lifted bodily from the canvas of Corot or Diaz. Under the trees was a dewy greensward carpeted thick with blossoming daisies. Farther back was a bank of somber cedars, almost masking a cliff and a gay little waterfall that tumbled down to a fern-fringed pool. It was the sort of a place which one never finds by deliberate search, but has to be dropped into from an airplane, or blown to it as I had been.

A pair of deer jumped up and scampered back into the forest as I started gathering firewood along the shore, and when I went to look at their tracks I found larger and deeper prints which indicated that a hulking bull moose had been on watch there within the hour, possibly at the time of my landing.

Setting alight a hundred-cord pile of driftwood as the twilight shadows lengthened, I built a fireplace from rock-slabs on the beach wherein to barbecue "Long Jim's" parting gift, a haunch of venison. This would have been a half-day operation ordinarily, but with the coals from the roaring driftwood fire to draw upon, the joint was done to a dark brown turn in a couple of hours. Pauline Pateman's can of strawberries and cream, cooled in the icy pool beneath the waterfall, furnished a delectable dessert.

What a feast that was! And what a setting for a feast! The passing of the squall had

cleared the heavens and the falling of the wind had allowed the lake to settle back to one of its rare spells of placidity. The reflected lake stars blinked languidly back at the sky stars as the darkness deepened, while far across the North Channel a locomotive puffing along the mainland of Ontario plowed the sky with shafts from its headlight. From northeast and northwest, beacons on shoals or islands threw tremulous gleams across the slowly heaving waters, and once the blurred block of lights of a passenger steamer teetered along the edge of the horizon.

My big campfire, reflected in pool and lake and in rose-tinged shaft of the waterfall, roared skyward for an hour before dying down to a heap of dulling embers. Fireflies fluttered up as I spread my bed among the daisies, darting off through the birches to lace the air with golden wires. Later, when the big fire was quite dead, other lights flashed out to join the dance of the fireflies. These were vitreously green and always marched in pairs. Some of these belonged to deer, I told myself drowsily, and maybe some of them belonged to moose.

When a pair of sharper, brighter eyes appeared, I thought of wolves and bears and started to reach for my ax. Then, remembering that the lower animals could be cowed by the power of the human eye, I began systematically staring down the lurking enemy.

But either my own eyes or those which I sought to cow would not behave according to rule. I felt the gleaming pools of terror drawing nearer and nearer, burning me with their heat. Seizing my ax as a last resort, I aimed a skull-crushing blow squarely between the nearing orbs of fire.

Cleaving through empty air, the keen blade buried itself among the daisies. I had miscalculated the distance and struck too soon. Probably the error will stand as one of the greatest on record. By how much I had missed my mark I did not realize until, shocked broad awake, I sat up and found myself blinking into the eye of the newly risen sun. Ninety-five million miles is a real miss, especially when using a hand-to-hand weapon like the ax.

Anxious to reach the sheltered islands of Georgian Bay before another storm blew up, I breakfasted hurriedly and pushed off into smooth waters that glittered like a golden mirror in the slanting light of the morning sun. With my Elto running like a top, I headed easterly between the picturesque Vidal Islands and the broad open bay of the same name. Occasional reef and shallows were indicated along my northeasterly course to Cape Robert, but these were not nearly so menacing as the infernal nests of rocks through which I had navigated in northern Lake Michigan and on the run from Mackinac to Cockburn Island.

Standing due east from Cape Robert, I traversed the wide mouth of Bayfield Sound, coasted Barrie Island and headed across Julia Bay to the light on Janet Head. The little town of Gore Bay, straggling over a steep, green hillside, beckoned me in for lunch, but I thought it best to save time by munching crackers and venison in the boat without shutting off the engine. An hour later a big moose, swimming directly across my course, offered more serious temptation. It would have been a glorious game to have roped him and had a tow.

Knowing from previous experience, however, that there was no certain way of making him tow in my direction, I contented

myself with the friendly hail of one passing voyageur to another, and ran on toward where Clapperton and a number of smaller islands closed the mouth of the wide North Channel. This marked the end of my open water navigation. From that point on there was shelter available at no great distance from my direct course practically all of the thousand miles or more which remained to be traversed before reaching New York.

But there is a difference between shelter directly upon one's shortest course, and shelter which one must pursue a circuitous route to take advantage of. I had been tossed on the horns of this dilemma all the way from Milwaukee and now, as I came out of the narrow reef-beset Clapperton Channel to the comparatively open waters of West Bay, I had to choose again between a shorter course and a safer one.

Directly across the open water, distant not over 15 miles, the smokes of the Little Current sawmills were being smeared across the heavens by a gusty northeasterly wind. To the north were the rolling thunderclouds from which the wind was coming, preparing for their regular afternoon sweep of the lake. On the direct traverse to Little Current, one was certain to meet the squalls well toward the middle of the bay, five or six miles from the nearest land. Only by a roundabout course to the north, jumping a mile at a time from Clapperton, Amendroz, Bedford, Rous, and several minor islands, could one keep in a more or less continuous lee.

As this sheltered course would have involved running twice or thrice the distance of

the direct one, and in shoal water most of the way, the price of immunity struck me as being a bit high, especially as there was no certainty of encountering a heavy blow in any event. And so I headed straight across for the smokes of Little Current, to learn, as usual, that the longest way round is the shortest way out.

The storm, as I had anticipated, came to meet me at about the center of the bay, blotting out all of the eastern and northern coast line and islands in its swoop. As soon as I saw the extent of the force of the disturbance, I opened up the engine and ran at full speed for the lee of Bedford Island which, with its two hook-shaped southerly points, promised ample protection from any wind that might blow.

This brought me into head-on collision with the advancing forefront of the squall. As soon as it became evident that I could not run at enough speed to make headway against the storm without swamping, I throttled down the engine and tried to stay where I was.

When even this proved too wet, I was confronted with the alternative of throwing out a sea anchor or turning and running for the north coast of Manitoulin. Not knowing just how much more wind was still in reserve to be loosed from the heart of the black smother of nimbus to the northeast, I decided upon the latter course as the safer, in that it would take me landward faster in the event the blow was a really heavy one.

Turning and running brought some relief from the continuous shower bath to which I had been subjected while trying to buck the

rising seas, but for the first mile or two the boat did just about as wild a bit of wallowing as she had done at the height of the big storm in Lake Michigan. The wind appeared to be easing a bit as we neared the coast, which encouraged me to attempt to hold on with the oars immediately beyond the outer line of the surf rather than to risk swamping in attempting a landing on a beach which was quite as rough and rocky as that which, with much less sea running, had kept my hands full in making the previous evening.

It took hard, steady pulling to counteract the shoreward drift for a while, but at the end of 20 minutes I was rewarded by a perceptible falling off of the wind and finally by the paling of the northeasterly heavens which signalized the passing of the squall. An hour's run in smoothing waters under a clearing sky took me in to a snug mooring at one of the docks of the historic old post of Little Current.

(To Be Continued)

About That Elto Outboard

Adventurer Freeman placed supreme faith in his Elto outboard. Given the long history until recent times of outboards being perceived as unreliable by many small boaters, this faith, which seems to be borne out by Freeman's tale, might appear to us today to be misplaced. To show how the Elto was promoted in its own time, we bring you on the opposite page a full page ad from a 1924 issue of *Yachting*.

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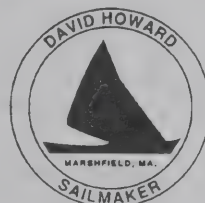
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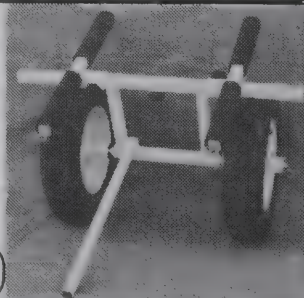
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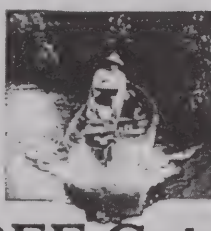
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North Channel Affair

Part 1

By Dick Harrington

its peak, headed my way in what at that time seemed like a remote part of the world. That encounter marked the start of a lasting friendship between Tim and myself.

In the several years following this initial encounter, both of us continued to do our own thing in the way of cruising, even though we frequently talked about organizing a joint U.S./Canadian Wayfarer cruise. Tim made several more trips to Georgian Bay and the North Channel, while I explored the Chesapeake, Lake Superior, and the coast of Maine. It wasn't until just this past year that things fell into place where Tim and I finally managed to organize that joint U.S./Canadian cruise.

The cruise, which covered a distance of over 100 miles, started and ended at Killarney. We went as far west as the Benjamin Islands, and also paid a visit to beautiful, fjord-like Baie Fine. In addition, as a result of receiving advertisement in the *U.K. Wayfarer News* magazine, Englishman David Sleightholm flew over from Surrey, England, to join us.

The following is my account of our cruise.

Tim's Secret Cove

Day 1: Tuesday, August 5, 1997. By mid-afternoon on a delightful sunny day, all five Wayfarers had arrived at the departure point, the launching ramp next to Jerry's Perch Fish & Chips in Killarney. We were all dying for one of those famous and delectable fish dinners, but the skippers won the initial battle, so first we got the boats in the water and loaded. As usual, this took considerably longer than the skippers promised, as the piles of cruising gear and food for a week formed a small, but formidable, mountain on the pier.

Then, finally, with mutiny close at hand, everyone rushed for Jerry's and a most welcome fish dinner of delicious whitefish and

hybrid lake salmon. It has been rumored that David Sleightholm declared Jerry's fish and chips better than any in England! Joining us for this special occasion were "Mister Cruise" himself, Canada's renowned Wayfarer cruiser, Don Davis, and his wife, Trudy. They gave us a glorious send-off, amid much fanfare and picture taking, as well as some last minute words of advice from their many years of cruising experience, e.g., "are you sure you have enough beer and wine?"

At last, with just a light breeze and an afternoon sun which was beginning to wane, one, then another of the Wayfarers, in single file fashion, headed west, down the channel to Killarney Bay. It was only a half-hour sail to a small cove on the north side of Killarney Bay where we would spend the night.

Tim France indeed had taken us to a gorgeous little cove, a small inlet of clear blue water surrounded by well-rounded red granite rock, tall trees, and low hills with bluff overlooks, a perfect spot for our small flotilla of dinghies. Here we pulled the Wayfarers stern to, right up to the shore, with a bow anchor holding the boat out. There was even a great spot for the Burtons to pitch their tent. It occurred to me that, without Tim's knowledge, we would never have found such a cozy place. In fact, even with the tops of a couple of masts visible from behind a small island, I still had difficulty finding the entrance to this most secretive cove.

Declaring there was still unfinished business, Tim France led an expedition of three up a particularly high hill for an especially spectacular view of nearby Covered Portage Cove, where a number of larger cruising boats were anchored. The rest of us, being a bit lazy, decided to relax, enjoy the scenery, and go for a swim or set up camp. However, when Tim returned alone a couple hours later, the others having decided earlier to turn back on their own, we had our first crisis. It was short-lived, however, as the missing two soon showed up, tired and hungry, after taking the longer, more torturous route back by following the rugged, and sometimes marshy shoreline.

The sky that night was very clear, affording a great view of the Milky Way, and several shooting stars were spotted by a couple of Wayfarer sailors still able to stay awake. But then, as the temperature of the night air began to quickly drop, the less hardy of us were forced to burrow more deeply into our sleeping bags and sleep soon followed. As I fell off to my own world of dreams, my thoughts drifted across the quiet waters of the North Channel to join two lovely loons whom, with their wild, bittersweet love songs, serenaded us into the wee hours of the following morning.

We were: W-3136, Tim France and Alan Asselstine; W-6747, Glenn Fox with no crew, CL-163, Bill Burton and Judy Burton, W-7222, Doug Gilchrist and Al Schonborn; and W-887, Dick Harrington and David Sleightholm.

The Race to Little Current

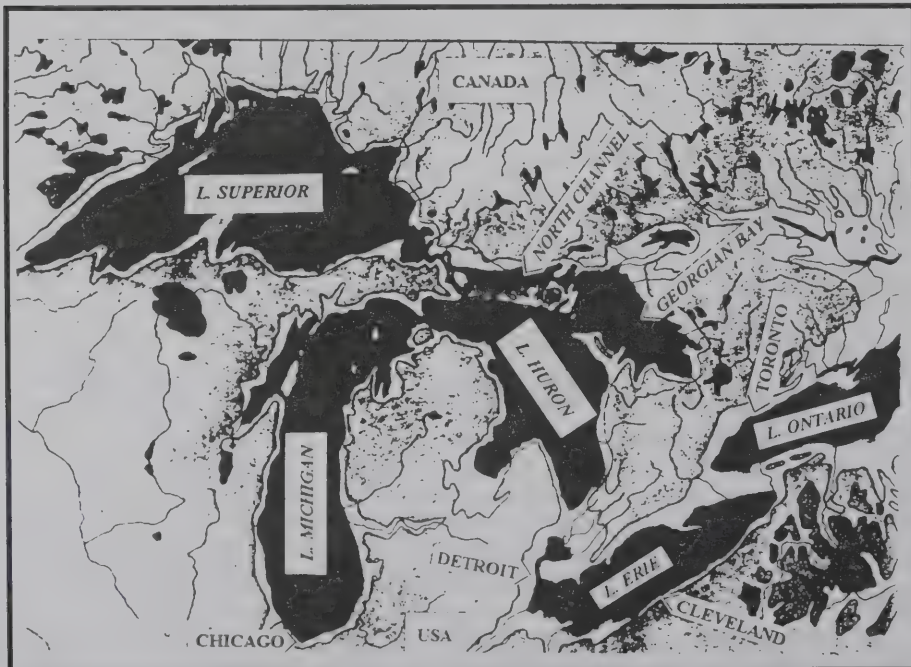
Day 2, Wednesday, August 6, 1997. Warm sunshine and a refreshing morning swim! Who would be in a hurry to leave such a lovely spot? It was well after 10 AM by the time we departed. Our excuse? We were waiting for the morning breeze to pick up! The forecast was for southwest winds at 10-15 mph.



"Tim's Secret Cove" near popular Covered Portage Cove on Killarney Bay. The temperature of the night air began to quickly drop, and the sky that night was very clear.

This is the story of five Wayfarer crews whom this past July joined together on a seven-day odyssey through the beautiful and picturesque island passages of Canada's North Channel. Cruise organizers were the author, the U.S. Wayfarer Association Cruising Captain, and Tim France, the Canadian Wayfarer Association Cruising Secretary, who also served as the cruise leader.

I first ran into Tim France in July of 1993 on Georgian Bay. He, Allan Asselstine, and Noel Price were on their way back to Bayfield Harbor after having paid a visit to the Bustard Islands. I was headed west, on my way to the French River, and still pretty green at dinghy cruising. So it was a bit of a surprise to me to spy a sail with that familiar Wayfarer "W" at



Al Schonborn and Doug Gilchrist get the jump on the rest of us and catch a piece of the last bit of land breeze before it dies. With spinaker flying, they are on the distant horizon as we drift far behind in weak whispers. It is a race to see who can keep from being the last boat! In desperation, David and I take a short-cut across a rocky shoal. We are going slow, with David on the helm and me standing on the foredeck, "rocks visible, about 10 feet deep." Then, "hard right, David, rocks awash, dead ahead!" Once again a "hard right," after which it's clear sailing. David, by then, is wondering what kind of a skipper he has signed on with. However, none of this has escaped the keen eye of Tim and, be assured, we will take some kidding about it later on.

A little longer, then the promised wind shift finally arrives and builds quickly to a great sailing breeze. The water is still flat and *Blue Mist* leaps forward in spite of being heavily laden. Al and Doug are already history, but a race is on between Tim and Alan on *Wind Breaker* and David and I on *Blue Mist*. We find the two boats and crews to be well-matched as we sail in close company for the next several hours, our destination being the town of Little Current, a distance of 23 statute miles. Our original destination, Boat Cove, seven miles further on Great La Cloche Island, having fallen into jeopardy because of our slow start.

It was time to pay close attention to our navigation as David and I studied the chart, picking out landmarks, navigational buoys, and our turning points between the numerous unfamiliar islands. Tim and Alan were close at hand and knew the way well, but we refused to fall into the trap of "follow the leader."

The great southwest breeze that had given us a fast broad reach for several hours finally began to fade, but our messenger of good news, the light on the northern tip of Strawberry Island, was in clear view and only three miles off our bow. Once past the light and through the narrows between Strawberry Island and a shoal named Garden Island Bank, Little Current was just a short ways beyond. But fate would have her way and, within less than half a mile of the light, we were dead in the water. David, who is much experienced with the quirks of ocean currents, soon discerned the fact that we were now being influenced by a "foul current" (we were being pushed back). Maybe that is why it is called Little Current? It was time to get out the oars.

Once again the calm was a wind shift in disguise, a strong breeze with a 180 degree shift at that. All of a sudden we were close hauled and catching some spray, so out came the wet weather gear. However, for once I was favored by a wind shift and we got a good jump ahead of Tim and Alan, being the first to make the swing bridge at Little Current. But, since we had just missed the bridge opening, we were forced to wait there until the next opening at 6 PM, which was not that bad as it allowed all four Wayfarers to regroup. With a healthy headwind blowing right down the channel, all prior thoughts of trying to shoot the bridge (shades of the "Brits") was out of the question. I'm sure David was disappointed.

The public pier at Little Current was a very welcome sight, and no one wasted any time getting ashore for a well-earned break. As always, a cruising Wayfarer generates a certain degree of interest upon entering a for-



We were fortunate to find a comfortable and well-protected bay just one mile west of Little Current. Glenn and David chat and enjoy a morning coffee.

eign port. With four Wayfarers together, we attracted the attention of several of our fellow big boat cruisers tied up with us on the pier, and briefly enjoyed the attention of visitors with questions about our travels. Little Current is indeed little, but pretty, picturesque, and has a kind of frontier air about it. It is also very busy with visiting cruising boats, since essentially all traffic on the North Channel has to pass through it.

Some people may have been ready to just stay the night at Little Current. Nevertheless, we were fortunate to find a comfortable and well-protected bay just one mile west of Little Current. There we spent our second night, tied up to shore much as before. Everyone had enough sailing for one day and it was getting late. Having not seen Doug and Al since morning, it had generally been assumed that our fifth boat had gone on ahead to Boat Cove. No doubt we would meet up the following day.

Thus, with dusk and darkness already descending, it was with great surprise and lots of questions that we welcomed the late and unexpected arrival of our two wanderers. Their tale was quite long, but suffice it to say they missed one of those critical early turns amongst the islands, very easy to do, and managed to sail a great distance out of the way.

I recall, as I turned into my bunk that night, how the night wind made low-toned, restless sounds in the nearby trees while the lights of Little Current twinkled softly and reassuringly in the darkness from across the channel. What new challenges would the next day bring?

After Swapping Crews and Reefing, Fluky Winds Lead Us to Mosquito Haven

Day 3, Thursday, August 7, 1997. What a terrific cruise leader Tim France was. David Sleightholm was also proving, in many ways, to be a great asset to our cruise. Morning arrived with some clouds and sun, promising another pleasant day. Tim was urging us to get an earlier start than the day before. But, although the wind that had blown throughout the night actually had diminished in strength, from our vantage point in the bay it appeared to be just as strong as ever. Tim wanted to lighten things a little for our two less experienced boats, neither of which had reefing

points in their mains, although both had roller furling jibs.

That is not to say that either boat was having undue problems. Glenn Fox had an excellent Suzuki outboard motor, which he had used to good advantage on the previous day. We nicknamed him Mister Suzuki. Also, the Burtons were doing admirably well. But Tim felt another day of stiff sailing would be tough on both Judy and Bill. He had some crew swapping suggestions, which would even things up a bit between boats, as well as give everyone a nice change by sailing with someone new. Then David provided additional welcomed help by showing us all a new trick, demonstrating how to effectively jury rig a roller reef into a mainsail.

With David in Glenn's boat, Judy with Tim, and Alan with Bill, we started out for the Benjamin Islands, a distance of 17 statute miles. Glenn and Bill's boats were reefed for lots of wind. The course was a dead beat into the wind. However, no longer really needed, the reefs soon came out and in a little more than an hour or two we were in light air and making slow progress. The Benjamins were a long ways off, and the frustration of struggling to get somewhere with little wind went on for the next several hours.

Fortunately, that morning, prior to our departure, Tim, in his usual thorough manner, had indicated a place on the chart where there was a beach on the east side of Clapperton Island where we could stop for lunch. At the same time, we had selected Logan Bay, two miles further north on Clapperton, as an alternate camping spot for the night should we be unable to make it to the Benjamins. It was well into the afternoon before the wind finally returned. Being single-handed and far in the lead at this point, I decided to take us directly to Logan Bay and get set up for the evening. It was already close to 5 PM by the time I got there.

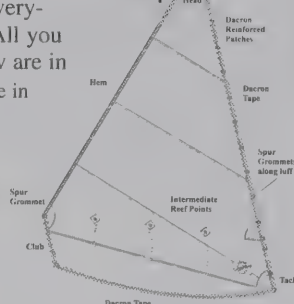
Unlike some of our earlier camping spots, Clapperton Island is rather low, flat, and cloaked with thick trees and dense brush right to the waters edge. However, the shallow, rocky bay is well protected. Finding a partially cleared grassy knoll, albeit heavily laced with poison ivy, which was probably the camping site of some fishermen, we pulled our boats

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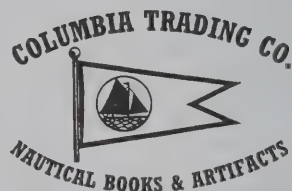
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ashore and pitched the tent. But, alas, there was one big drawback none of us anticipated, hordes of mosquitoes!

After the late night before, everyone was content to get an early rest, take a swim, just relax, and have a cocktail before having to prepare dinner. Amazingly, the Burtons had lawn chairs stashed away within the CL-16, which they now set up on the bank. Wow, what luxury! The mosquitoes waited patiently and quietly in the brush as we innocently had fun. David Sleightholm, who is about 6'3", lean, and muscular, works as a mounted policeman in London and was perpetually hungry. The Burtons just happened to cook one too many steaks, would David like to keep it from going to waste? "Why yes! Thank you very much! Umm, very good!" The mosquitoes continued to watch and wait.

Finally it happened, dusk arrived and the mosquitoes attacked. They came in waves, and attacked again and again. The victims bled red blood, they jumped up and down, on one foot then the other, they yelled, they cursed, and everyone ran for their boat tents. But inside the tents the mosquitoes went too, and an uncomfortable night was had by all, except for the Burtons, that is, who slept quite serenely within the bug tight enclosure of their ground tent.

(To Be Continued)



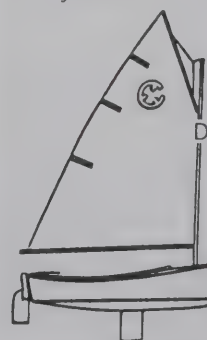
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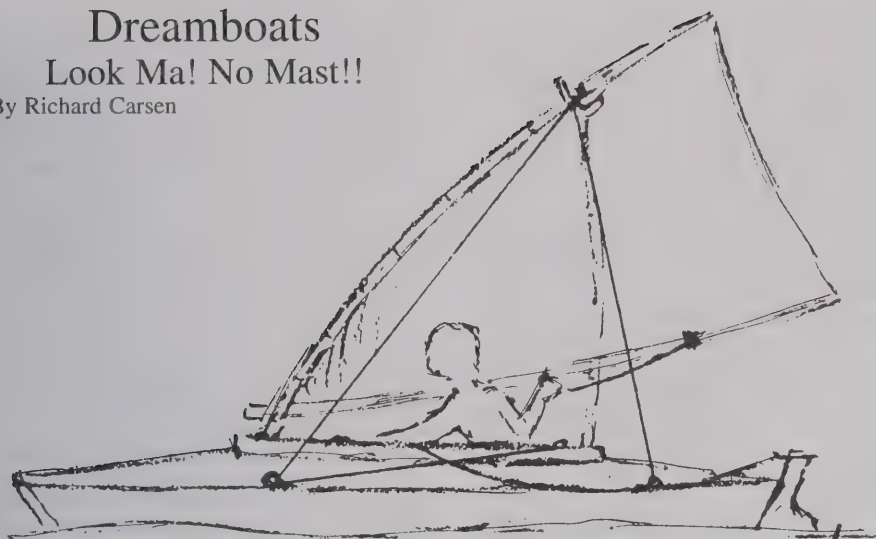
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Dreamboats

Look Ma! No Mast!!

By Richard Carsen



In 1939, at Maritime College, we were being instructed in steam-engines, when someone piped up and asked, "But why the boiler?" Everybody laughed. But when the ruckus died down, the old engineer instructing us said, "When everybody laughs, you probably got it right."

As a matter of fact, even at that time we had steam-engines without a boiler: everything was heated, overheated and condensed in a continuous loop. These engines were built by a German company called Siemens-Schuckert, and took a quarter of the space an ordinary engine does, while producing more power.

Mastless sails not only exist, they may be the oldest type of all. Pacific peoples in general, and Indonesian sailors today, have and do use them. So do some Brazilian sailors on the sailing raft, the jangada, which you may encounter, hundreds miles off the Brazilian coast.

Some think that the Pacific triangular sail, bounded by two spars, is the most basic, with either spar functioning as either yard or boom alternately. The fore-end of the yard is set on deck, the yard raised off the deck by a strut, and a rope (shroud if you like) to windward prevents strut and yard from being blown over.

I wish I had known about that as a kid when I first started out in a cruising kayak. This was a cruising, sailing kayak; when I got it however, it came without mast or sail. Pretty soon I fashioned a crude mast and sail, but the bamboo mast didn't fit the masthole, and the wind in the improvised sail bent this piece of bamboo every which way. it actually worked, but efficiently? No!

Had I conceived of the idea of sticking the bamboo into the masthole slantwise, using this as a strut, using a rope as a vang/shroud/preventer, maybe it would actually have worked. But then I was entirely in the thrall of the conventional mast set-up; a classic example of how the established wisdom can stop invention, even if such wisdom is inappropriate at the time and place.

What I have written above defines what the rig is all about. It has its variations: The maduran prahu, ubiquitous traders all over the Indonesian archipelago, use a small stump of a mast to uphold the fore end of the

sail, and use a smaller foresail, creating the effective slot effect. The vangs that run forward instead of sideways, are above the sail in the maduran prahu, but below the sail in the small outrigger fishing craft. In the latter the sail is tacked by taking it around the yard, forward of that yard.

The tacking of the former is somewhat more complicated to describe. In one method, seen somewhere in pictures, the sail is brailed, the brail being located where the vangs engage the yard (about 1/3rd from the aft end). The strut has two fingers which grasp the port vang where it meets the yard if the wind comes from port. To tack, the strut is quickly disengaged, dipped underneath the brailed sail and re-engages the vang on starboard, again right where that vang meets the yard. The brail is then let go, and you are in business.

Another way to tack is to disengage the strut and put it on deck; the yard, in this case upheld by a short stump of a mast and a rope that holds the fore-end of the yard, will dip under the the weight of the sail. It is a matter of doing this fast. The boom is quickly thrown to the other side and the strut re-engaged as before, lifted and re-set. The danger is in possibly breaking the fragile yard, but this can be forestalled by temporarily supporting the yard by another strut, there are usually several struts of varying sizes, while the boom is thrown to the other side.

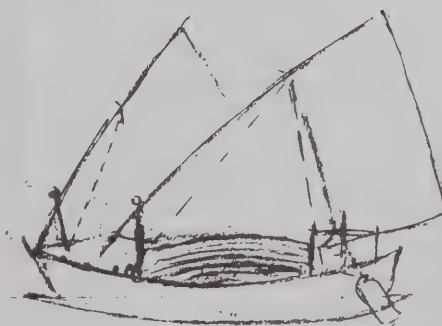
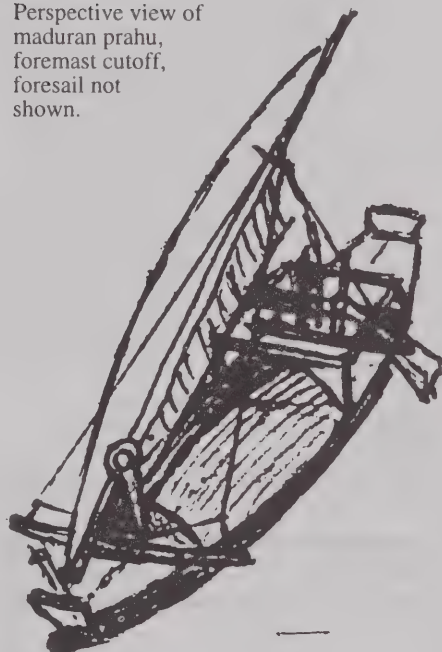
It is of great interest to note that the boom end, the forward end, is not fastened to the bottom end of the yard, but lies loose on deck. This creates a foil in the sail, similar to what the Arabian lug does when the wind on the aft end of the sail pushes the bottom end of the boom to windward. I have found this very effective in creating the right "wing" shape in the Arabian sail and is very effective in converting a sudden gust into a lifting and forward force, rather than increasing the heeling momentum as the popular marconi does.

Another quality of these sails is that, rather than opening and closing like a door, these sails move up and down like the lid of a hinged box, laid on its side. As the sail slants down toward the bows, a very effective lifting/driving force is cre-

ated.

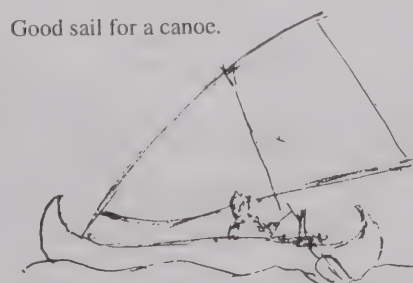
Ever watch windsurfers? I have seen them, their feet on the edge of the board, leaning out at an impossible angle, 65 to 70 degrees from the vertical, hanging onto their sail, also slanted out at maybe 60 degrees, going at an absolutely improbable speed, seemingly straight into the wind. I think that the windsurfer/sail setup is probably the first real improvement in sailing capability since the Pacific islanders invented the triangular "freestanding" sail.

Perspective view of maduran prahu, foremast cutoff, foresail not shown.



Maduran prahu.

Good sail for a canoe.





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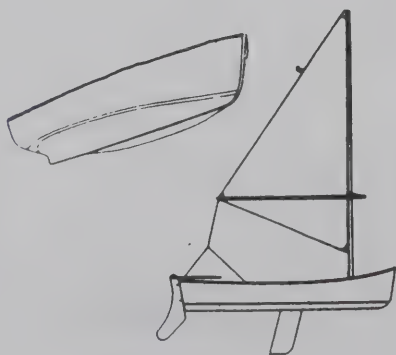
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Boatbuilding Things They Don't Tell You About First When They Really Should

By Ron Magen

We've all seen it in the movies, where the hero has to disarm the bomb and his sidekick is reading the directions; "Cut the yellow wire and pull the lever..."

"Okay, whats next?"

"Be sure to ground the green wire first!"

...double take etc., etc., etc.

In the real world they would make copies of the instructions. Read them thoroughly, several times. Highlight specific points and make notes.

However...

Who to believe: Take nobody's word as the absolute best and only way to do anything! Least of all my word. I've tried to illustrate that as much by my errors as by what went perfectly. Read and get several opinions. Then think over, repeatedly, what you are going to do. Flashes of inspiration do happen!

Anyway, note the following sections before cutting or laying out anything.

Aniline Dyes: Commonly available through woodworkers' mail order catalogs. May be available where you live in a high end paint, or artists supply, store. Usually available as a water soluble or alcohol soluble powder. Go with the alcohol; it will dissolve in both. Make tests, make tests, make tests!

Beveling (of transoms & frames): While of little importance if using 1/4" ply, it becomes more important if using thicker material. In this case I used 1/2" frames and 3/4" transoms. Beveling to the bend of the sides allows for a fairer curve; not forcing flats on the ends of the sides or hitches in the curve at the frames. This is also where using sheetrock or drywall screws for assembly comes in handy.

Cleaning Fluids: A way to keep your epoxy application tools going is to have a container of denatured alcohol & vinegar mix handy. Keep several tools at hand. As a tool gets sticky or too messy to comfortably work with, while the mix is soft toss it into the container (a cut up water or milk jug works great & costs nothing). The solution will further soften the un-set epoxy and keep it from gelling.

At the end of the work session you can clean the tools with no panic about timing. Fast Orange and similar "no-water" hand cleaners work very well, are relatively inexpensive in gallon quantities, and are harmless compared to acetone and other highly volatile chemical cleaners. Do not wait overnight. I say this because I've had long sessions or put a lot of tools & brushes into the container, created a fairly saturated solution, and had the epoxy set-up at the bottom.

Fillers: The wider the variety of fillers you have on hand the more situations you are prepared for. Although they are readily available at any number of marine or hardware outlets, the qualities (West system products excepted) and quantities are more for touch-up and spot repair than production

work. Also, I have never seen either wood flour or talc on any store shelves. The prices are usually high as well; partially due to the small quantity packaging.

There are a number of catalog sources for your materials. Prices vary, shop around. Remember to look out for minimum orders and shipping & handling charges.

Colloidal Silica: Thixotropic or stiffening agent. When used as a resin filler sets up rock hard. When used as an additive it gives a solidifying effect to mixtures; stiff and non-sagging.

Plastic Mini-fibers: I have found one source. Have not used any yet but will order some. From the description they are the equivalent of a premium (high cost) brand of lightweight fairing filler.

Q-cell: A finer material than 3mm glass bubbles or balloons. Not many sources. Try microbeads or microballoons. Relatively soft, easy sanding. Leaves a somewhat coarse/open surface.

Talc: White, powdery, highly dense material. Relatively soft & easy sanding. Helps make a smoother putty. Price varies widely from source to source.

Wood Flour: Exactly what it says it is and my basic filler. Not only is it a filler but a thixotropic agent as well. When wet out it looks like wet or darkened wood. Relatively hard.

Glass Cloth: From the experience of building Nymph, and the samples from Raka Marine, cloth schedules can be modified. With 3/4" material for transoms, cloth is not needed for strength, only surface protection. If rough use is expected then a strong, smooth surface would be provided by a tight weave. For light to normal use a light regular weave should do (2.75oz). Probably hold true for 1/2" ply as well.

A bottom would be well protected, with less resin required, with a tight weave. The side panels with a light weave. Bilge panels are a toss-up.

Limber Holes: These are openings in frames to allow water to collect at low points for easy bailing, or cleaning. In hard chined designs, which tack-n-tape or stitch-n-glue usually are, they are typically at the knuckle of the chine. In these designs it is also usual to set the frames and place the skin around them with internal epoxy/filler/tape fillets. Plans may either skip detailed discussions on timing, or talk about them when discussing the frames (remember the hero and the bomb?).

In the case of Nymph the shape of the holes is also to allow placement of the fillets & tape on the longitudinal seams. The frame shapes are on the plans and it is implied to cut them (the limber holes) when the frames are cut out. However, because they are at the point of the chine they remove the support of the change of angle between panels. Not a structural problem, just a headache hanging and aligning the panels.

In later books/designs this was corrected by instructions to mark and cut out most of the hole, but leave a tab intact. This piece would be cut with a keyhole saw, and the hole cleared after assembly.

Another, not as elegant but easier, method is to not mark the opening and install the frame whole. After assembly cut a circular opening with a hole saw chucked in a drill. You choose the size; either fillet only

in this area or simply use a few narrower pieces of tape.

Putty Knives: Again, cheap is good. Shop around. Epoxy does stick to metal. They are going to get covered with the stuff. The set resin can be sanded off and metal does resist the sand paper. The plastic ones are also very inexpensive and flexible. The plastic can be cut to shape but do wear away when sanded clean.

You can also get some 1/8" ply and make your own shapes (I used a 1/8" hard-board template so I can keep making identical ones). If they are coated & sealed with epoxy they are then impervious to chemicals (see "Cleaning Fluids")

Sheetrock or Drywall Screws: Not just for walls anymore. Their reputation for snapping off is most likely due to the material of the usual interior grade construction screw. With the usual construction duty electric driver set at a high clutch setting (efficient for, "we're burning daylight; you guy's are paid by the hour," construction jobs), you can twist the turret off a tank! I have a \$30 Ryobi electric (not cordless) with 6 clutch settings; some heavy duty, 12 volt battery powered units have 12.

By using long ones at places like the transoms and frames, they can be backed out halfway to allow the joint to be spread. After the epoxy adhesive/filleting material is inserted, they are then re-tightened to clamp

the joint. Waxing (not soaping) screws always makes them easier to drive and in this case will prevent any chance of them getting stuck in the epoxy.

Styrofoam Cups: They say not to use them to mix epoxy. Like everything else it's a case of knowing your materials. Carelessness is the lowest common denominator. If you let a quantity (the typical 300 grams), of mixed epoxy go off, the exothermic reaction will melt the cup. You will have a potentially dangerous mess on your hands. However, if you pay attention to what you're doing, make up smaller batches, and get to know the characteristics of your mix, the insulating properties of styrofoam cups can help during cold weather operations. Plus, if the cups are used you will be re-cycling as well.

Other Mixing Containers: Don't use waxed containers; plain paper are okay. Metal food cans are good, all around useful and universally re-cycled, even after you're done with them.

Power Disc Sander & Supplies: For any number of reasons you want to sand as little as possible. However, when working with resins there are times you've got to sand.

When epoxy/wood flour structural fillets set up they are rock hard (one person recommends using agricultural limestone as a filler material...why? That's making hi-

tech rocks!)

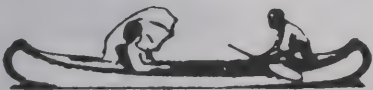
I'm a firm believer in fine tools. Sometimes the fine tool is too much tool. The shipwrights of yore had nothing but hand tools and time. Today it's laser guided cutters. If you are making your living building boats, you're probably not reading this. If you're thinking of building a dream, a small one not a circumnavigator, then this could help you get started.

Buy tools appropriate for the job. Also think and read constantly. Just because a tool is typically used for operation x in industry y does not mean it can't be used for something else.

Professional builders like Devlin use Milwaukee and De Walt tools. A 4-1/2" angle grinder can cost more than \$200. Mine is from Sears, \$39 on sale. Not only is epoxy tough, it makes abrasive dust. It is going to eventually eat the insides of air cooled tools. Devlin's probably sooner than yours, but he can amortize. Put the metal cutting disk away and get a Klingspore Sanding Catalog sanding disc or two; the flat style in coarse and medium grit. Wear a mask and goggles.

This tool & disk makes faster work of the task (sometimes very fast, practice a light touch). It is also a nice setup for scarfing & beveling. It's handy size, small shape/heavy weight for in situ work. (oh, s___! I forgot to bevel that frame. Etc., Etc.)

Next Issue: On to the Building



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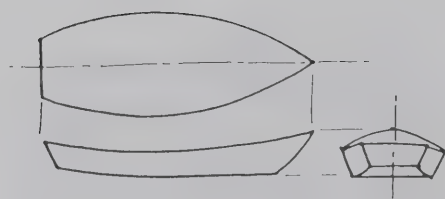



Fig.1

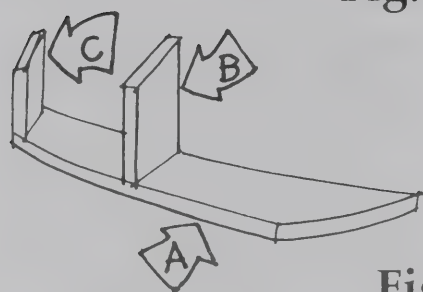


Fig.2

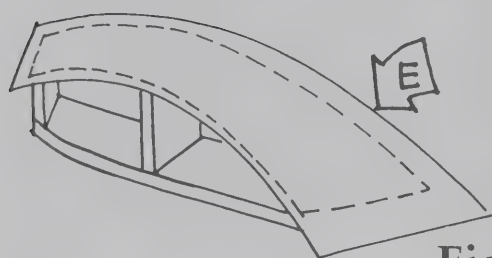


Fig.3

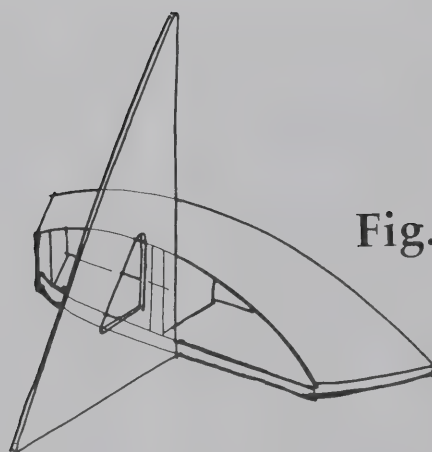


Fig.4

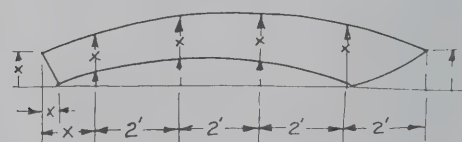
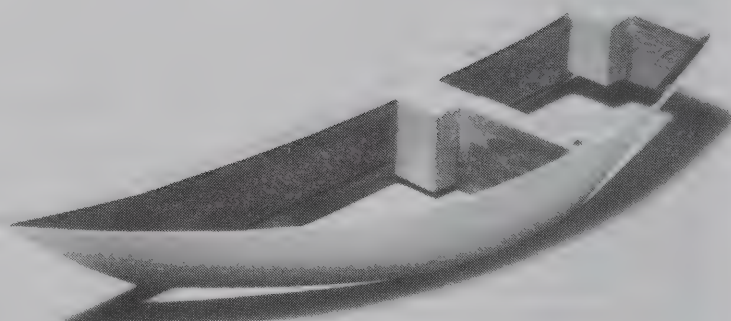


Fig.5

BOAT DESIGN

3. Model Making



In third grade, fifty years ago, I built my first model airplane, a delicate structure of balsa sticks and tissue which, in spite certain deficiencies in craftsmanship, (and two left wings) was beautiful, and I was hooked. A year or so later I saw a model of a grand banks schooner in a jewelry store window. I thought (and still do) that it was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen, and went straight to the hobby shop. They didn't have a schooner kit, but they did have one of the Old Ironsides, and that was close enough. Hooked again!

Model making is still just as much fun, but now it's part of the process of building a "real" boat of my own design. It doesn't take long, and it lets you see an idea more clearly than you can with drawings no matter how well you draw.

In addition to seeing the idea better, you can feel it, twist it, walk around it, build it, float it, etc. It's as close to the experience of the full sized idea as you can get without building the real thing.

On the other hand, model making is much slower than drawing, so you can't explore anywhere near the number of

ideas and variations and refinements of ideas that you can with drawing. (See my piece on boat drawing in the previous issue of *Messing*.)

Besides visualization, a model serves as a transitional step between drawings and the full sized boat in that you can trace individual panels from the model, and blow these shapes up to full size.

The first step is to do a three view drawing (Fig.1) to a scale that results in a reasonable sized model. This will give you the true shapes of several of the key pieces of the model. These will include the bottom, transom, and one or more cross sections or bulkheads.

I use thin pine because it's cheap and I have access to a planer, but the material can be flat sheets of just about anything, cardboard, balsa, etc.

There must be a gazillion approaches, but I've made a dozen models as part of the process of designing boats, so I know the following works well.

half model

*A conventional model will give you a

clearer visualization of the idea, and makes a nice object in it's own right, but a half model is a lot easier, and is just as good for generating true shapes of the various pieces, especially the sides.

Draw the side view on a piece of plywood, and cut out (A, Fig.2).

Lay out an amidships half cross section from the stern view, cut out from plywood, and glue in place on (A) to make a sort of amidships bulkhead. (B) Ditto, the transom (C)

Cut a piece of thin material to form the side (E, Fig.3). This should be oversize to be trimmed to size in the next step.

Glue and clamp in place at bow, amidships, and transom, and trim to size (Fig.4), checking the shape against the cut out side view (A) with a triangle or square.

You can now trace this side piece on a piece of paper, (Fig.5), spread it out and measure it so as to blow it up to full size. Take measurements every two feet or whatever is convenient. With only reasonable care, these will give you a good approximation of the full sized

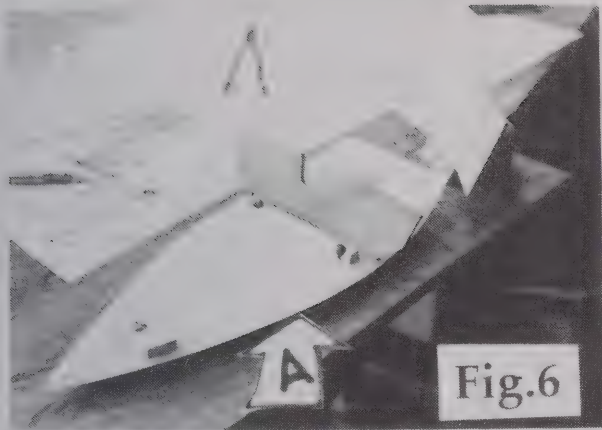


Fig. 6



Fig. 8

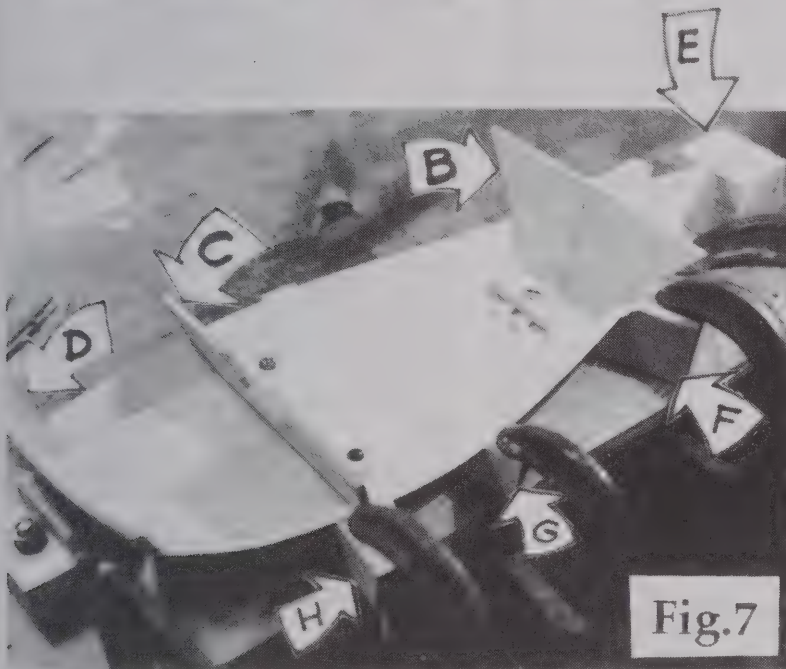


Fig. 7

piece. If it's not exact, remember that the shape of this boat was only a good guess from the start, and it won't make any real difference if the boat varies an inch or so from your original idea.

full model

For a full model, start with a piece of plywood an inch or so bigger than the model to form a base.

Cut out a bottom piece (A, Fig. 6) from whatever sheet material you're going to be using, and screw it to the base with some spacers under it to raise it off the base a quarter inch or so. This allows the sides to overlap the bottom to be trimmed off later. Screwing down the model allows you to remove it from the base, something I find I want to do fairly often. The stern is wedged up by a block to form the rocker.

Taking dimensions from the three view drawing, (or better yet, transferring the shapes directly onto the wood, with carbon paper or whatever), cut out, and glue in place, a transom and as many bulkheads as you need (B, C & D,

Fig. 7). This design has two bulkheads and a transom to which the sides will be formed on the model just as in the full sized boat.

In this case, the curved parts, transom and mast partner, are made by gluing two pieces of material together over a curved form before trimming to size.

This design has sides made with two panels. In a simpler one panel design the forming of that panel would be the same as forming the lower panel here.

Clamp in place a block (E, Fig. 7) in the bow to mark the center and the height of the forward end of the side panel. Cut a rough guess at the shape of the panel from light cardboard, form it to the transom, bulkheads and the center of the above bow block. With a certain amount of fiddling, you will be able to produce a fair curve along the top edge. The bottom edge can overlap the boat bottom, so it doesn't have to be very accurate.

Transfer this shape to the wood and glue in place with its bottom edge overlapping below the bottom to be trimmed off later.

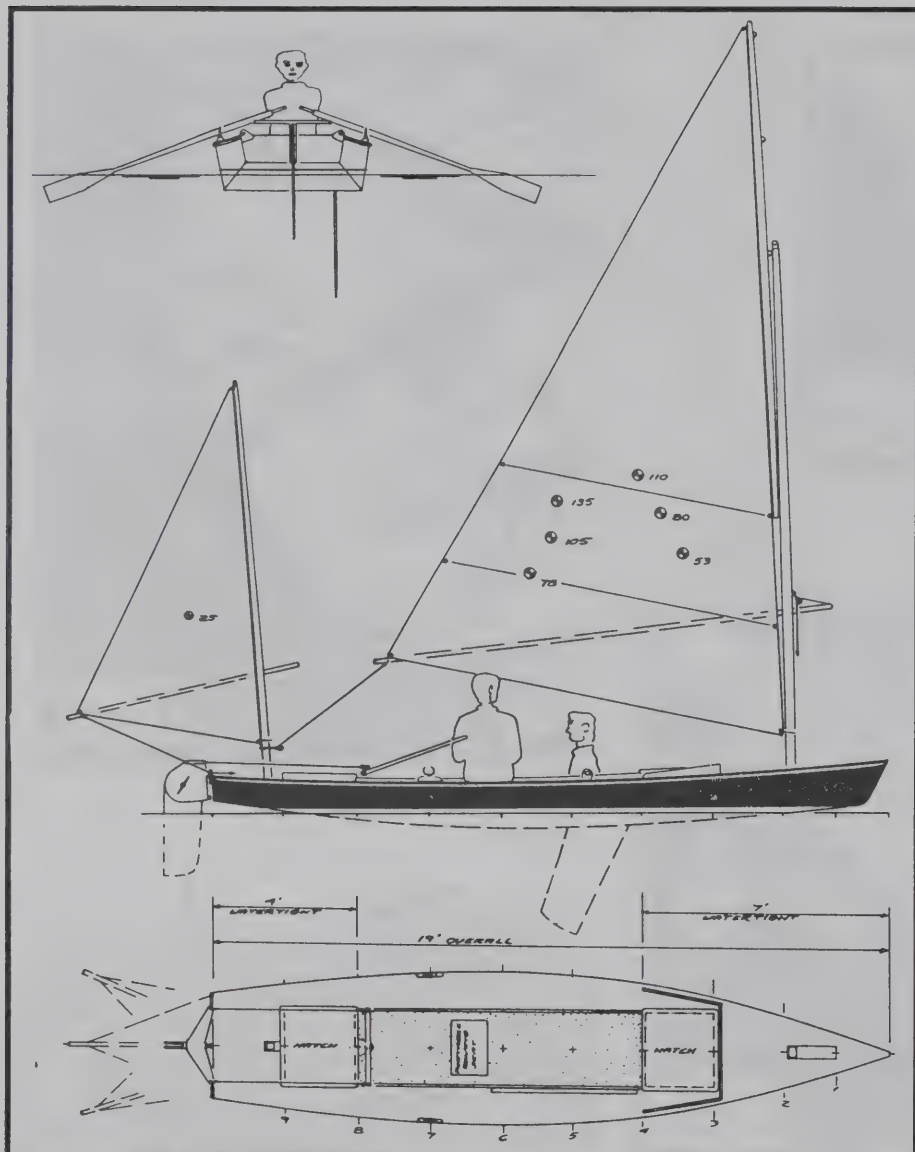
You'll have to persuade it a little. I do all sorts of stuff. Notice several blocks (F, G & H, Fig. 7) pressing the sides against the bulkheads wherever needed, and clamped to the base. At (I, Fig. 8) blocks have been glued to the transom and the panel to give surfaces for a clamp to grab. They'll be carved off later. Sometimes rubber bands are useful.

The upper side panel is fitted the same way with its bottom edge overlapping the top edge of the bottom panel. Trace the shape of the this edge onto the top panel, cut, and glue in place with appropriate persuasion.

And that's about it. The rest is just common sense fitting of as many details as you want.

In addition to the advantages of models listed above, model making is a close approximation of the process of building the full size, so it's a real good rehearsal for the real thing.

I'd welcome any comments or suggestions, either in *Messing*, or sent to Box 670, Vestal, NY. 13851 607-754-6305. or thomson@binghamton.edu



Bolger on Design

#2 Beach Cruiser Concept 19'0" x 4'3"

The brief here was for a quick-to-build solo beach cruiser which could double as a spirited daysailer for three or four people. The low freeboard was primarily for good rowing geometry, but also made for easy boarding out of warm water and light weight to lift her bow a little way up a beach.

The cockpit is 7'9" long and 24" wide, with the sneak box-type off-centerboard to keep the space clear for sleeping. The cockpit isn't self-draining, but it would be well out of water in a beam ends knockdown, and it's so small relative to the decked-in ends that she could sail with all the water she could hold. She could sail through very rough water, including surf, with the caveat that if she got all the way bottom up, she would be hard to right.

The end compartments have dogged and gasketed hatches to keep all the camping gear dry.

The cat yawl rig maintains its balance with deep reefs. With two reefs down, the overall height of her rig is only 16'; she would be weatherly and fast in conditions that would overpower a tall-rigged boat. The mizzen is big enough to make her ride steadily to an anchor, or to heave-to with her bow to the wind in a squall.

The hull is the simplest variety of sharpie skiff, with plenty of rocker in her bottom profile to sail without dragging her ends in the water, and to keep the upright waterline short for quick-turning under sail and minimum wetted surface for easy smooth water rowing. She would be noisy at anchor, but go smoothly in choppy water, heeled under sail.

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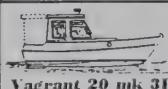
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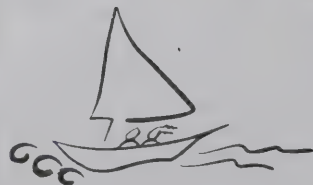
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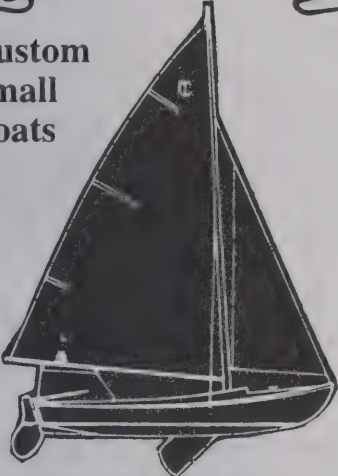
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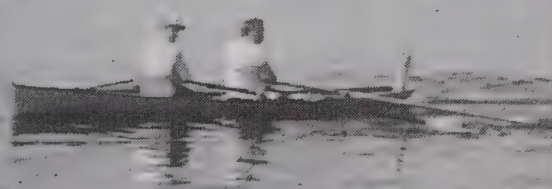
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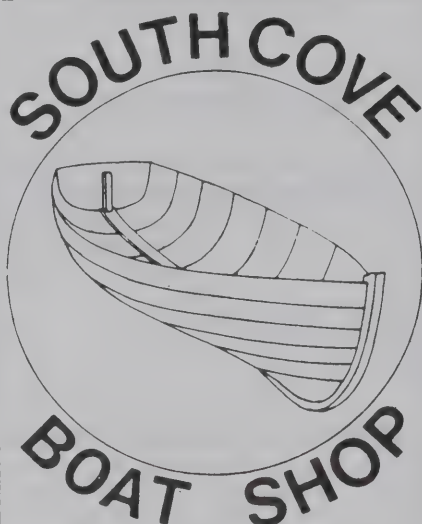
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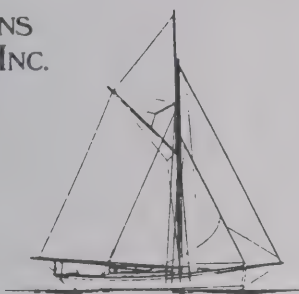


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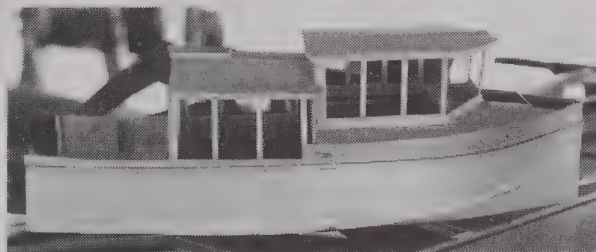


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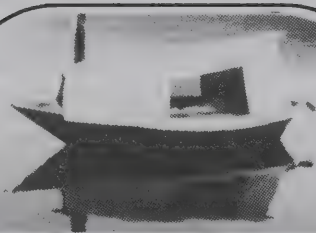
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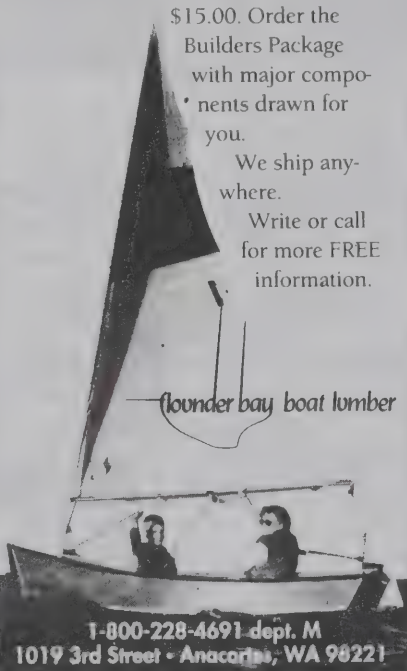
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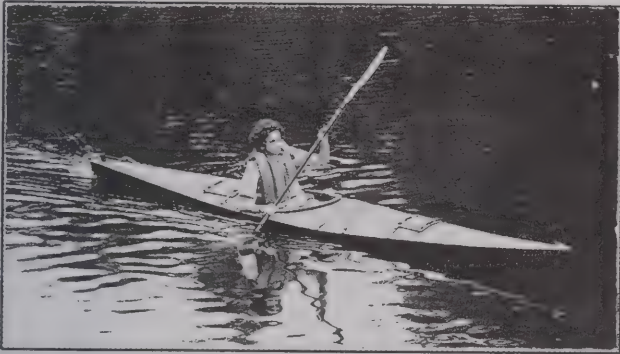
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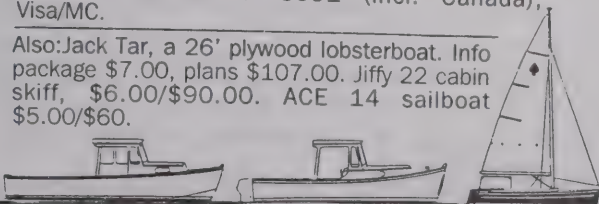
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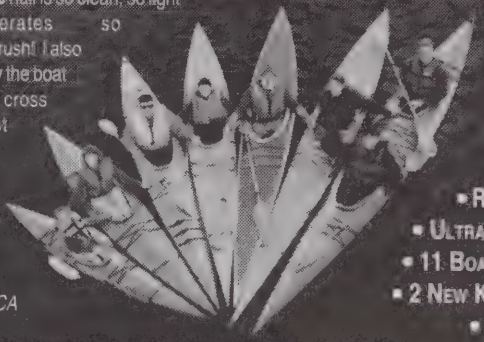
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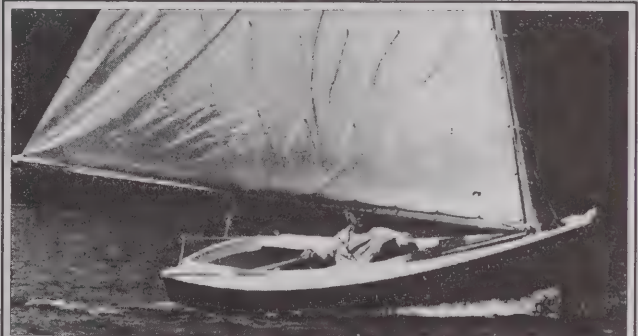
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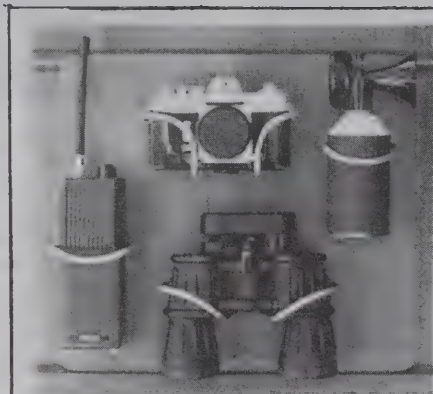
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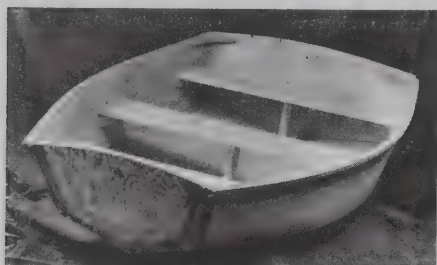
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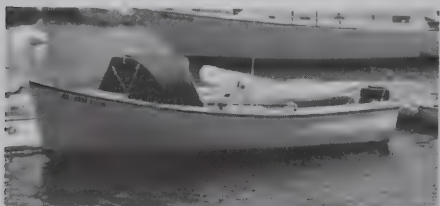
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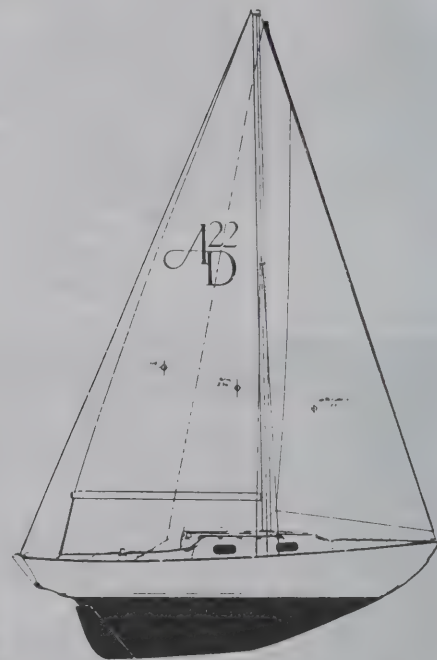


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Lowell 19, FG lapstrake cuddy cabin, 2 berths, head, stove, running lights, Thurston sails exc. Located Falmouth, MA. \$4,000. JAMES NEEDHAM, 1701 SE 10th St., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316, (954) 763-6028. (1)

Sea Pearl 21, '90, numerous extras, vy gd cond. \$4,000. STEPHEN PAGE, 372 Gov. Chitt. Rd., Williston, VT 05495, (802) 878-6529. (2)



20' Double Ender, FG, 7-1/2hp Honda, bimini, galv trlr, new lights & spare tire. \$3,400 OBO. NICK FIEDLER, Marion, NC, (704) 730-3188. (2)



'94 Bolger Microtrawler, new galv trlr, vy nice, w/45 Honda. \$12,500. W/ 10 Honda. \$9,500. WO/ motor. \$8,000.
BOB CUSHING, Cazenovia, NY, (315) 687-6776, (315) 687-7220. (1)

16' Old Town Runabout, '63, conv top w/trlr, no motor. 1 owner, never in rain, always in closed garage. Some wear from 38 yrs but in exc cond. \$1,750. Will deliver anywhere on east coast for \$250.
LEONARD POLAK, 607 S. Sandusky Ave., Bucyrus, OH 44820, (419) 562-8218, email: leonard.polak@mailexcite.com (1)

We NoNah Sea Otter, FG sea kayak. Orange deck, white hull, rudder, aft hatch, fwd access port, dry bag, spray skirt, exc cond. \$750.
MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387 wknds or lv message. (1)

24' Bayliner Saratoga, '74 OMC 225hp. Slps 5, swim platform, dual batteries. \$4,000.
GEORGE SWANSON, Portland, CT, (860) 342-2334 eves. (2)



Little Wing, 19' ply/epoxy cat yawl, similar to Bolger's Long Micro. Launched '97. Incl 5hp British Seagull & trlr. Must sell. Wife made me get bigger boat.. \$4,000.
JOHN CHURCHILL, 621 River Strand, Chesapeake, VA 23320, (757) 625-4878 work, (757) 547-7714 home. (1)



Tri Fly, 15' FG trimaran, 1 or 2 person. Cat rigged, wishbone boom, CB. Sail in gd shape. Transport on trlr or cartop. Fun, wet play sailer. \$500.
DAVID BYBEE, Racine, WI, (414) 632-7233, email: rentman@wi.net (1)



Chebacco 20, cold molded cat yawl designed by Phil Bolger, blt in Essex MA by Brad Story. Simple, light & easy to trailer beauty custom designed for its owner with slightly longer cockpit and slightly shortened cuddy cabin. Shallow draft makes it a perfect boat for sailing in tidal waters. LOD 20', Beam 7'2", Draft 11", Sail Area 180sf, Weight approx 1,000lbs. Trim is mahogany. \$12,500.
TOM ELLIS, Gloucester, MA, (978) 281-1206. (1)

Sturdee Cat, FG CB catboat: 14'4"x 7'x 14", gd/ vy gd cond, hinged SS mast step, lg boom tent, E-Z Load trlr. Nds only Spring prep. Always stored under cover. \$3,500. **Appledore 16**, FG w/teak trim, Oarmaster, F. Collar oars. Vy gd cond, lightly used. \$1,300.
BOB YORKE, Scituate, MA, (781) 545-1651 aft 6pm or wknds. (1)

Phoenix Vagabond, 2-man FG kayak, 16', 46lbs, w/rudder. Red deck, little used. Sawyer take-apart paddle. \$650. **Alden Ocean Shell Single**, one of his first, hull is heavy. Cosmetically ugly but sound. Compl w/Oarmaster & extra Oarmaster, plus Feather wooden sculls. \$575.
JOHN STAHL, Baldwin, NY, (516) 223-5007. (1)

20' Classic Chesapeake Fantail Launch, '85, pine on oak, 6hp antique gas engine, hand start w/transmission & magneto, custom trlr. \$2,000 firm. **15' Bolger/Payson Windsprint**, standing lugsail, kickup rudder, etc. All in gd shape. \$600.
JAY HOAGLAND, Rockport, ME, (207) 596-0786. (3)

8' Hydroplane, blt from Glen L XP-8 plans. 1/4" lauan ply over spruce frames, 6hp Evinrude, wheel steering, racing type throttle. Safe, grt for kids. \$900. **18' Eastporter**, round bottom FG Maine skiff, '87 Johnson 25hp OB, Dilly trlr, nice easy riding boat. Vy rugged. \$2,000.
JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786. (1)

Mistral 16 Sailboat, compl w/galv trlr. \$1,995. Hobie 18SX, w/wings & all options & trlr. \$4,500. FERNALD'S, Rt 1A Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (1)

20' Wooden Surf Dory, looks like surf dory John Gardner designed shown on page 204 in his *Dory Book*. Has motor well & longshaft Seagull for propulsion, 2 rowing stations, 1 pr oars. Blt in Nova Scotia in '87. Vy gd cond. \$1,300 w/OB, \$1,000 wo/OB.
DAVID NILES, New Haven, CT, (203) 248-1704. (2)

28' Wooden E-Scow, '39, w/trlr. \$1,500.
DONALD CARTER, 98 Washington Ave., Portland, ME 04101, (207) 774-4322. (1)



Six-Hour Canoe, professionally blt, nicely finished. Designed by Mike O'Brien. Varnish & Interlux paint, cane seat. Wonderful single person dbl paddle vessel, grt solo camper and not bad sea boat for what she is. Selling because kids want skiff w/motor for lobstering. Asking \$850.
BARRY DONAHUE, Brewster, MA, (508) 247-3254 work, (508) 896-7996 home. (1)

Adirondack Guideboat, 15' white FG, Steve Kaulback registered hill, 3 caned seats, caned backrest, bottom boards, 8' oars. \$995.
GEORGE PATTON, JR., Barrington, RI, (401) 245-3408. (1&3P)

17' Islands Daysailer, FG, all spars, MJG, trlr. Sailed only 3 seasons. \$1,600. **17' Mohawk (Ranger) Canoe**, FG, Class C sailing rig. \$750.
PAUL LUBARSKI, P.O. Box 813, Severna Park, MD 21146, (410) 647-4708. (2)

22' Tanzer, fin keel sloop. 4 bunks, Origo stove, Mercury Sailpower, head w/holding tank. \$5,600.
MICHAEL FARRELL, 31 Garrity Rd., Lee, NH 03824. (2)



15' Classic '47 Old Town Lapstrake, Malone restoration, white & bright, '74 20hp Johnson. A beautiful boat for the lake. \$7,500 invested, BO.
MERV TAYLOR, Lincolnville, ME, (207) 236-2602. (1)

12-1/2' Avon, '93 Mariner 15hp OB, gd cond. \$2,500 firm, no offers!
FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (2)

13' Spindrift Sloop, similar to Bluejay, FG, exc cond. Cox galv trlr, 3hp Tanaka OB. \$1,150.
ED HAMMER, Newbury, MA, (978) 465-0736. (2)

Edey & Duff Fatty Knees Tender, new, w/oars & full sail set. Selling for less than 1/2 price of new. Asking \$1,500.
TOM BALDWIN, New Hope, PA, (212) 837-7112. (2)

18' Cruisers Inc., '63 plywood lapstrake runabout w/'71 125 Johnson OB & Dilly trlr. All in gd cond. \$2,000.
MIKE BORRETT, Madison, WI, (608) 833-0225. (2)

Dovekie, Hull#23, classic, wooden boards & spars, SS gallows, fair/good canvas, HD trailer, tanbark sail, white over blue. 2" thick Airex hull, buoyant, strong, Bolger design. Exc. cond. Bare boat w/oars, motor mount. \$4,500. Will consider trade for clean 20'-24' swing keel or shoal pocket cruiser on gd trlr suitable for cold climate coastal travel.
PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY (914) 246-9454, (914) 691-6441, lv message. (2)

16' Martin Appledore, 2 man rowing shell. Little used. \$1,000.00
R. F. WEEKS, PO Box 574, Wiscasset ME 04578, (207) 882-7134, email: rweeks@lincoln.midcoast.com. (2)

16' Old Town Yankee Canoe, blt '37, recanvassed '96. Incl floor & backrest. \$1,200.
BILL COLCORD, Chelmsford, MA, (978) 256-5564 (home), (617) 889-1600 ext 155 (work). (2)



19.6 Prototype Jewelbox, (Michalak design), cover MAIB, July 1, 1994. Shoal draft. Fun camp cruiser. System 3 epoxy/plywood. Exc cond. Garage kept. Ready for next adventure. I have built a larger version.

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CHUCK FLETT, 9157 Colchester Ridge Rd., Knoxville, TN 37922, (423) 690-6416. (2)

Charitable Donation, 22' Friendship Sloop in gd cond, available for donation to an IRS recognized charity. Full keel, IB. Call for specifics DAVID_COLINAN@NESTOR-PC.CCMAIL.COMPUSEVE.COM, (401) 725-5640 (home), (401) 331-3358 ext 735 (work), (402) 290-1788 (pager). (2)

13'6" FG Whitehall, bld by Boatworks Ltd. (Tim Mayer) of Maine. Black hull finished in varnished mahogany trim, extremely pleasing to the eye (true to her pedigree), very sea kindly in steep chop, tows, tracks well, rows like a charm w/3 passengers. Displacement is approximately 125lbs w/beam of 39" & has glassed in flotation compartments fore & aft. \$1,195/BO.

ROCKY KEITH, 16 Holly Tr., Westport, MA 02790, (508) 636-7066. (2)

15' Bolger Gypsy, w/sailing ng, exc cond, little used, always stored indoors. Oars incl. \$800. Mike Palmieri, Falmouth, MA. (508) 540-0025, email: palmieri@capecod.net (2)

Beetle Cat, the Classic: Seams recaulked '97, 9 frames replaced '98, mast, boom, gaff, rudder & tiller in gd shape. Sail like new. W/trlr and 3hp Seagull. \$2,200 takes it all. DONALD COHEN, Smithtown, NY, (516) 265-6872. (2)

BOATS WANTED

14-16' FG Sloop. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-2376 (1)

Flying Scot, will consider one in nd of repair. CHESTER GRIFFIN, Beach Haven, NJ, (609) 492-4064. (1)

Used Stuart Mariner 19 Catboat, (not O'Day), w/spinnaker preferably, reasonable, realistic. FRANK CLOUSE, Southboro, MA, (508) 481-9314. (2)

Drascombe Lugger, earlier production. HAROLD BERJOHN, Peoria, IL, (309) 692-4250. (2)

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Wood Mast, Boom, & SS Rigging, for Cape Cod Knockabout. \$300. ANDREW G. CAMPBELL, 13 Bell Rd., Bourne, MA 02532-5404, (508) 759-3723.

Windmill Rig, mast, boom, daggerboard, rudder, old mainsail. \$100. Beater hull free. TONY DIAS, 193 Tillson Lake Rd., Wallkill, NY 12589, (914) 895-9165. (2)

Jenny for Hunter 25, slight stains, but v'y gd cond. \$150.

PETER KICK, Saugerties, NY, (914) 246-9454, (914) 691-6441 lv message. (2)

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New Workboat Canvas Products! Multi-Use Workboat Bucket, heavy canvas, top & bottom handles for bailing, 13"x 11". \$18. Workboat Rigger's Bag, 30 pockets, triple bottom, U.S. made, 14"x 11". \$36. Workboat Dory Bag, dble bottom, heavy canvas, made in Maine, 16"x 17". \$44. S&H only \$4.75 when you mention *Messing About in Boats*. Order toll free 1.800.985.4421, fax 207.985.7633 or email watermrk@ime.net. Full color catalog \$2 free w/your order. WATERMARK, Suite 402, Lafayette Ctr., Kennebunk, ME 04043. (TFP)

16' Swampscott Dory Mold, cored FG, 48" beam, fast, seaworthy, pretty boat. Bld 1 or fleet. \$200. **Chelsea Ship's Clock & Barometer Set**, 3-1/2" dial, chromed brass, at least 34 yrs old. \$75 the set delivered CONUS. MIKE RUSSELL, Norfolk, VA, (757) 423-0387 eves, (757) 686-7362 days. (1)

Lyman Underwater Running Gear, compl incl stuffing box, shaft, coupling, rudder, steering arm, skeg, prop. Mounted on display rack, highly polished. \$1,000. LAURIE SWEETMAN, Orr's Island, ME, (207) 833-5852. (2)

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T-SHIRTS featuring illustration & quotation from *The Wind in the Willows*. Heavyweight 100% cotton, natural color. Short sleeve \$15.50. Long sleeve \$21.00. 50/50 gray sweatshirt \$25.50. M,L,XL. Shipping \$3.50. DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

Volvo MD11C, w/1.91:1 reduction gear. FWC, compl rblt '92. Exc running cond, starts well. Rear seal should be replaced. We are repowering w/larger engine. \$1,500 OBO. SAND VAN ZANDT, Groton, CT, (904) 810-1979. (1)

Universal Fisherman Model WMG, 8hp, 4-cycle, trans, manual. Runs fine. \$550. ARNOLD W. AVERY, 6 Smith Ct., Noank, CT 06340, (860) 536-2182. (2)

British Sea Gull, 5.5hp Silver Century Plus, long shaft w/clutch, extra tank, parts & manual. A grt motor. \$350.

JIM CASNER, Canton, OH, (330) 499-3164. (2)

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Sailing Canoe Building Jig, 15'7". Plus royalty due Iain Oughtread. TONY DIAZS, 193 Tilson Lakwe Rd., Walkill, NY 12589, (914) 895-9165

35lb Yachtsman Kedge Anchor. \$125. HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-2376. (1)

Sailboat Trlr, '95 Performance, galv tandem wheels, surge brakes, gross weight 5,500lbs. Never in saltwater. \$1,800.

NICK FIEDLER, Marion, NC, (704) 738-3188, lv message. (2)

GEAR WANTED

Old OB Engine Stands, will pay your price. STEVEN ROSSI, 106 Kent Dr., Cortland Manor, NY 10566, (201) 573-2270 days, (914) 736-5354 eves. (1)

Hurth & Borg Warner Gearboxes, in decent shape. Will pick up. JAY FOLEY, Worcester, MA, (508) 753-2979 days, (508) 791-3933 eves. (1)

Boom, for older wood catboat. 24' w/tapered ends would be ideal, will consider others. PAUL VITALI, Sharon, MA, (781) 784-5942. (1P)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Tom McGrath's Short Tales, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's bygone series of adventures with his Townie and the *Damn Foole* in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x 11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. ERIN RUOCCO, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

Chart Your Course, through New England's maritime heritage. Send for your FREE copy of *Maritime Museum News*. CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (8P)

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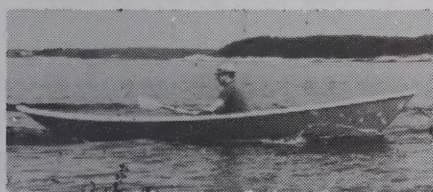
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From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

Publisher Wanted, for my manuscript *Tales From the Cockpit of the Rubaiyat* (a Stone Horse sloop). This novel is a series of sailing stories covering 60 yrs of experience from a humorous and ironic perspective. If anyone can suggest a publishing company that might be receptive please contact me. Your help is appreciated.

DONALD P. ROTHSCILD, 60 Shadow Farm Way Unit 4, Wakefield, RI 02879. (1)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3. EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 12', 23lbs, bld in 3 wknds. \$35pp.

ERIC RISCH, 38 Hayden Pt. Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858, (401) 782-6760, email: eris7405@uriacc.uri.edu (4P)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

Skene's Elements of Yacht Design, exc cond, latest edition. \$55. *Yacht Designs by William Garden*, lots of small boat designs, perf cond. \$60.

OSCAR LIND, Seattle, WA, (206) 362-8610 eves. (1)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

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Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-2072. (TFP)

Pocket Cruising Sailboat Info, known as *Sparrow*. Basic info: 12'x 5'8" x 1'8"; 350lbs disp, small cuddy cabin. Would like to find a knowledgeable owner.

KEN PAGANS, 13721 cayo gorda, Corpus Christi, TX 78418, (512) 949-9386, email grove777@aol.com

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Sail a Catboat in Cape Breton This Summer, bare-boat charters, guided flotilla cruises and learn-to-sail vacations on Nova Scotia's Bras d'Or Lakes. Custom-built cold-molded Wittholz 17' and 20' catboats. For charter booking or boat building info: CAPE BRETON LAKE CHARTERS, Tel (902) 828-2476, Fax (902) 828-3065, e-mail: pat.nelder@ns.sympatico.ca (TFP)

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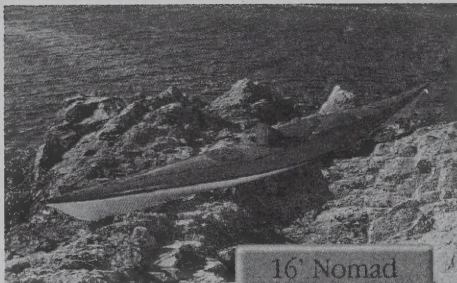
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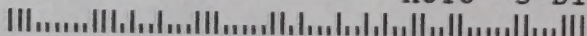
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